Saturday Review

OCTOBER 24, 1959 / 25¢

THE CREATIVE ARTS IN CANADA

A Nation Shapes Its Culture

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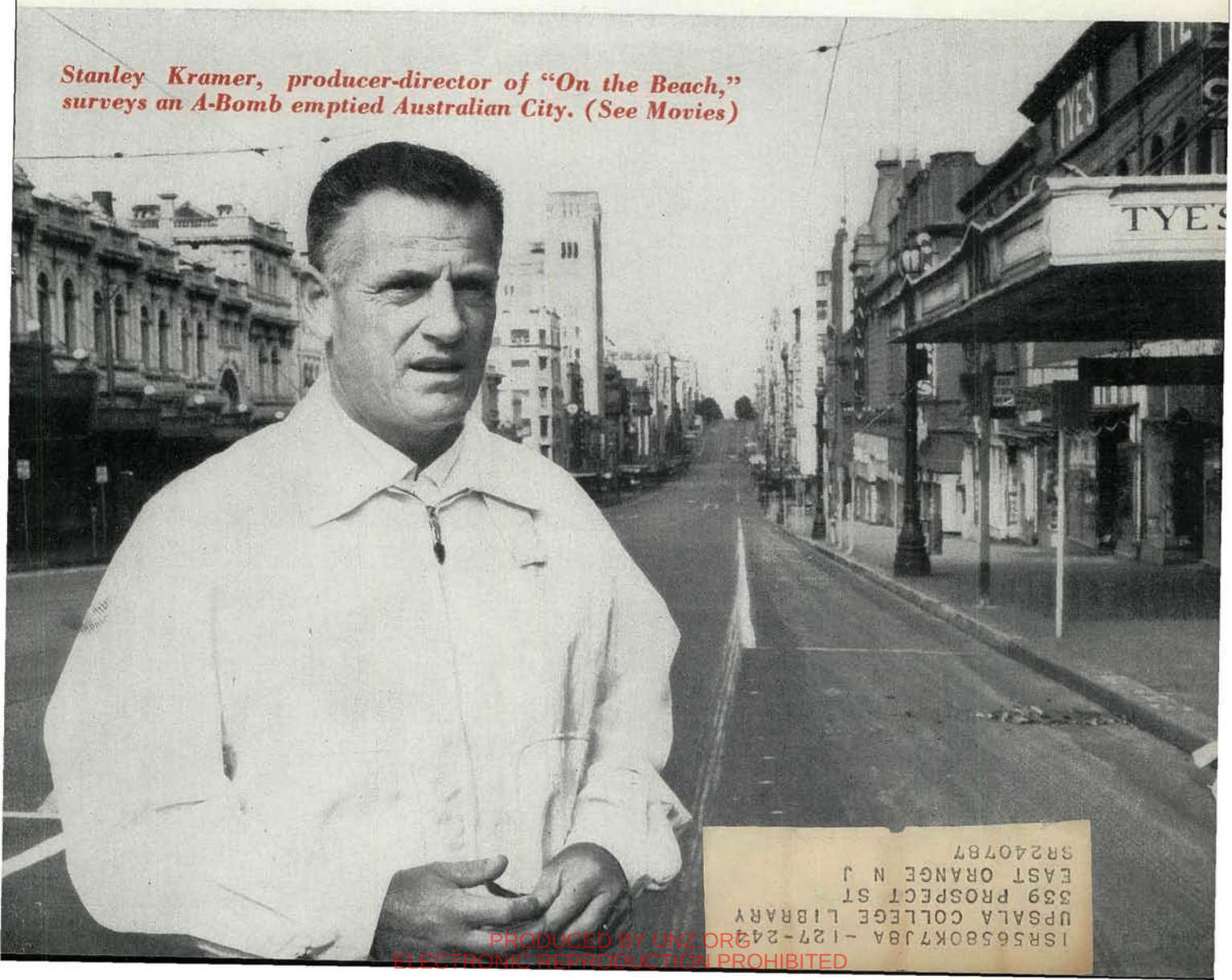
THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR PEACE

By Lester B. Pearson



Stanley Kramer, producer-director of "On the Beach," surveys an A-Bomb emptied Australian City. (See Movies)

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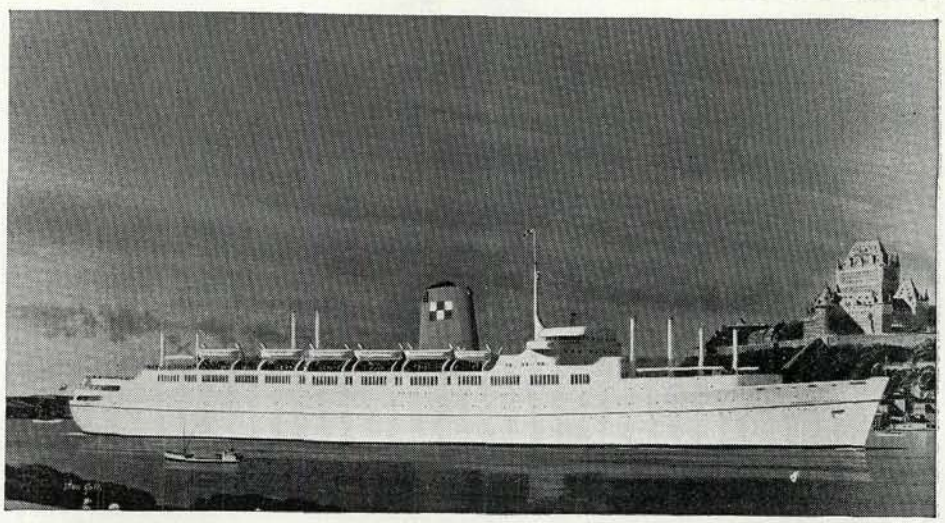

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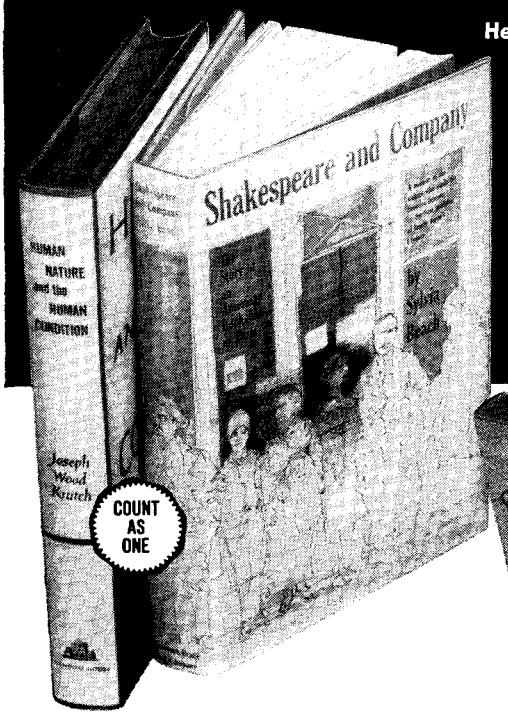

Here are some of the books the Book Find Club has offered its members in recent months. As you can see, they are all books you really want to read and to keep for your permanent library.

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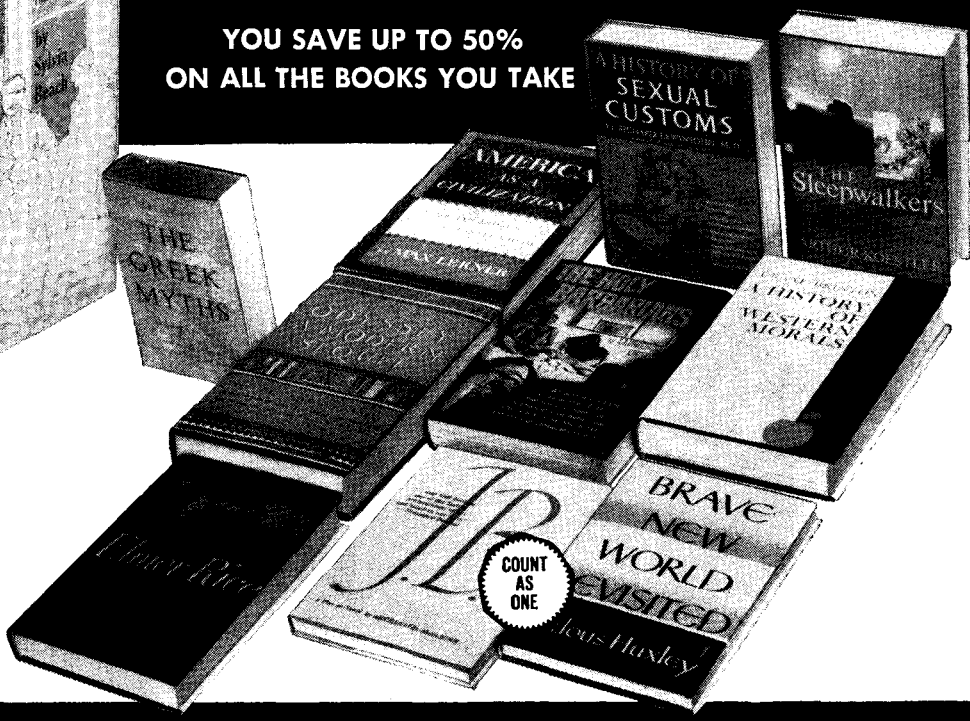

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(Advertisement)

This column starts the ninth year of the Editor-at-Large in *Saturday Review.*

Finding a suitable subject for a column has not always been an easy task. The columnist, lo, he hunts game wherever he can find it, and I have decided to celebrate my anniversary by offering my readers a choice of not one, not two, not three, but FOUR CONTESTS. And in doing so I want to lean upon the greatest columnist of them all, Bennett Cerf, whose work may be remembered by some of the older readers of this magazine.

Mr. Cerf's latest book is "The Laugh's On Me," a big, big collection of funny stories by America's number one raconteur. He has agreed to autograph some copies of this book, and I will award one in each of the following tantalizing contests:

1. To the first to find here an anagram of "The Laugh's On Me."
2. To the first who finds Mr. Cerf's last name hidden in this column. (This is in addition to the five capitalized appearances.)
3. To the first who comes closest to telling me the exact number of stories in "The Laugh's On Me."
4. To the writers of the three most interesting comments on the subject, "Why I Do (or Do Not) Like the Editor-at-Large."

No person will receive more than one prize and each prize will be sent as a personal remembrancer from Bennett Cerf and

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Laugh's On Me" ($3.95), by Bennett Cerf is published by Doubleday & Company. Copies may be examined (and bought) at your own bookseller or at any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Md.

Entries in the Anniversary Contest should be sent to L. L. Day, Room 1734, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. and must be received by November 21, 1959.

Saturday Review

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Cover Photograph: Stanley Kramer Productions

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

announces the publication — simultaneously in London and America on November 6 — of a special issue of more than 100 pages devoted to a study of the American creative genius and entitled

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Contents of this special number include:

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Hollywood and the Face of America

Additional copies of 'The American Imagination' number of THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT may be purchased from news-stands, or for 75 cents (post free) from THE TIMES, LONDON, INC., 25 East 54th Street, New York, 22, N.Y.

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PULLING TEETH to music is one of the more unusual uses of tape reported recently. Patients listen to music of their own choice, blended with the recorded roar of Niagara Falls. A New England dentist claims this is so effective that no other pain killers are needed!

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EDITING TAPES can be a real challenge for the home recordist, but those who get sufficient practice at this basically simple operation, soon find themselves able to do the most critical jobs, such as replacing unclear words. Incidentally, home tape hobbyists are delighted with new "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Tapes. They like the high quality and low price.

BEDTIME is no longer a problem for a Florida couple whose graduate studies make it necessary for their 4-year-old daughter to retire while they are away. The girl herself records bedtime stories on tape and drifts off to sleep while listening to them.

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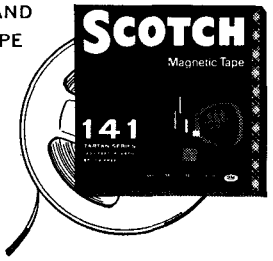

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TRADE Winds

EVEN THOUGH it might seem like a paradox, the striking new jacket design of Laurence Langner's forthcoming book "The Importance of Wearing Clothes" includes a portrait of Gypsy Rose Lee.

WRITER MAX WILK reports a new insurance idea for psychoanalysts. It's called the Blue Couch Plan.

IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, the Penguin restaurant bills itself as "The second most charming restaurant in the world." Their response when you ask about the first on the list: "Everybody claims that!"

U.N. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS have a great time trying to define just what America is. Ruggero Orlando, of Radiotelevisione, noting the way photographers order celebrities around, calls it a "photocracy." Eric Britter, of *The Times* of London, sees the rule of children over parents as an "infantocracy."

FREUDIAN SLIP NOTE: Up until a few weeks ago, the Addressograph stencil of Houghton Mifflin's mailing list for Harvard's daily newspaper read: *The Harvard Crumson*. HM's Anne Ford blames it on a pro-Yale secretary.

FRED KERNER, of Fawcett Publications, reports that Hollywood has finally gone and done it. In a picture called "Franz Liszt," a Chinese piano tuner has been given the name Wong Keye.

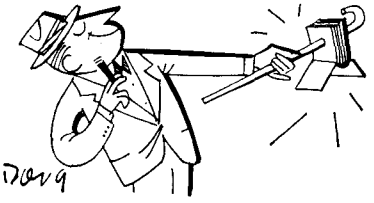
NOW THAT FOURTH AVENUE in New York has been renamed Park Avenue South publishers William Morrow & Company are running into trouble. At their same street number on Park Avenue North is a gentleman from IBM by the name of William Morrow, who was unable to get into his office when the entire edition of the Morrow catalogue arrived from the printers.

EX-EXURBANITE A. C. SPECTORSKY, of the book of the same title, reports that Chicago is set to make a comeback as the seat of fresh and original television. Stuart Brent, the energetic bookstore manager, is sparking a new talk show on WBKB said to be one of the liveliest on the air; *Playboy* magazine is following suit with its own show on the same station. Both shows are under the eye of station manager Red Quinlan, himself a Doubleday novelist.

WILLIAM NICKERSON, author of "How I Turned $1,000 Into a Million in Real Estate" walked into the Waldorf bookshop, introduced himself, and found that they failed to stock copies of his best-seller. "I guess," said the lady clerk, "that all our customers have already made it."

THE FACT THAT the publishers of Vance Packard's "The Status Seekers" have put a letter in the 100,001st copy of the book, entitling the person who finds it to $100, doesn't bother book-display-maker Michael Gross at all.

"When a book gets this popular, people just buy it for status alone. I once bored a two-inch hole for a display



gadget clean through thirty copies of a book called 'Thoughts From the Great Philosophers'. I returned them temporarily to the publishers for safekeeping, putting the dust jackets back on until the rest of the display was ready. By accident the books went out. Panic set in, and the publishers set themselves for complaints. But in spite of four later printings, not a single complaint came in from anywhere. The buyers didn't know the difference. To this day, the thirty copies are referred to in the publishers' office as 'that rare and strictly limited Chinese edition, with a two-inch hole in the middle'."

IF YOU HAVE ever had, in a single evening in Manhattan, *crêpes farcis* at the Colony, borscht by Simon Sulchanischwili at the Sheraton East's Embassy Club, *poulet sauté au vermouth* at the Chauveron, orange *soufflé* at the Voisin, and brandy-on-the-floor-show at the Quadrille you will know what a progressive dinner to end all progressive dinners is. You might also have a considerable dent in your wallet, and it might be more felicitous to seize on these very same recipes in the new "Diners' Club Cookbook," a joint venture of the Diners' Club and Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, who perpetrated this extravagant gastronomical track meet to begin with, including air-conditioned Carey Cadillacs as part of

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It's yours for just $1 and the big 128 page 1960 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost.

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Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's, yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there!) Or those many other low-cost, exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry usually overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

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- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out).
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You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

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When $2.95 can make such a great difference in how you enjoy your trip in Spanish speaking countries, it's not worth while trying to get along without this record and word reminder. So send for yours today.

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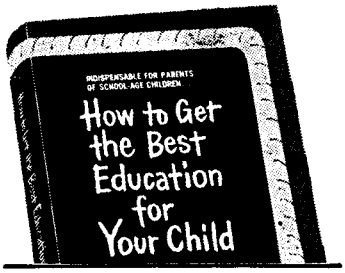

By DR. BENJAMIN FINE and LILLIAN FINE. America's leading education writer and his wife discuss, in clear, readable, practical terms, all the basic problems that puzzle parents of school-age children, from nursery school through college.

What should you do if your child can't get along with his teacher? How important are intelligence tests? Is it politic to befriend teachers or principals? How can you insure that your child has good textbooks? How much should you help your child with homework? What should you do if your child plays hooky? Will you be able to afford to send your children to college? How important are extra-curricular activities? These, and hundreds of other questions are answered by Dr. Benjamin Fine, for 17 years education editor of *The New York Times*, and his wife, herself a noted educator. *The Saturday Review* says, "No home can afford to be without" HOW TO GET THE BEST EDUCATION FOR YOUR CHILD. $3.95 at all bookstores, or from

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the peripatetic groaning-board safari.

Slim, perky Myra Waldo edited the book and acted as hostess to the cluster of working press members who floated along on this Epicurean cloud for the evening.

"What we lack in circulation, we make up for in endurance," said the *Herald Tribune's* Maurice Dolbier, as Lewis Nichols of the *Times* folded on the next-to-the-last oasis.

"All we need," said Marilyn Kaytor, of *Look*, "is That Big Credit Club Card in the Sky."

"If there is one, we'll have it," said the Diners' Club man, as he called for the last check.

The survivors, several pounds heavier, made their way to the Cadillacs—and home.

BOB RUARK, columnist, big-game hunter, bon vivant, cosmopolite, and novelist talks and writes like a machine gun. Relaxing in his suite at the Hotel Elysée not too long ago, he recalled the harrowing experience with the first draft of his new gargantuan novel, "Poor No More," now ready to weigh in for the constant reader at exactly two pounds and three ounces of heft and 706 pages of tempestuous violence of the Old South.

"The story behind 'Poor No More' makes me a little weak just to think about it," he told us. "I write fast, but I write hard, and the story took a lot of labor to turn out. It ran away with me, and 450,000 words later, I looked up

to find the first draft finished. This is a pot full of words—backbreaking words. I work in my house over in Spain, and I'm turning out three columns a week while I'm doing all this. I write with my guts as well as a typewriter. I act out every part in the damn book. I walk the floor. I jump on tables. I put everything I've got into it. For nearly half a million words, this can be wearing.

"Then it happened. I took it to my agent, Harold Matson. He's hard and tough and he's good. He read it. He called me in. He told me it stank. Just like that. Four hundred and fifty thousand words—and it stank. This is enough to drive a man to corn whiskey. I had a helluva time that night. Years of work. All those pages. My last book, 'Something of Value,' had been a big seller. The new one could probably ride along on its coattails. Why not send it to the

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Magnum Photo, by Betty Elliott

What makes a newspaper great?

Valerie Elliott, aged 3½, is going fishing with her father's murderer.

Valerie is the daughter of one of five American missionaries speared to death in 1956 by savage Auca Indians in the jungles of Ecuador. Last year she went to live in that same jungle with her widowed mother and the sister of another of the dead men. The women's purpose: to teach the Gospel to the very Indians who killed their loved ones.

Recently, for the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, George Grim went to the jungle's edge to obtain the dramatic story from these women—a story of their surpassing courage and its impact upon the pagan, primitive Aucas. "Faith Beyond Fear" by George Grim gave Upper Midwest readers a first person look at this tale of 20th Century faith triumphant over Stone Age barbarism. So moving was this unique picture-story report with George Grim's text and Cornell Capa's pictures that major newspapers from California to Massachusetts have brought it to their readers, too.

George Grim is an unusual newspaperman. Mild-mannered, informal, deceptively relaxed, he has tracked down front-page news items and heart-warming feature stories in almost six dozen countries. His on-the-spot reports have ranged from this story of Christianity in the Ecuadorian jungle to the hanging of Mussolini in Milan. He has described with equal fluency the breath-taking beauty of Brazil's hidden Iguassu Falls and heart-wrenching squalor among the peasants of China's Hunan province. And in between trips, he writes with equal sensitivity of his neighbors in a daily column, "I Like It Here."

George Grim is forever finding new people, places and things to write about. His energy, exuberance and fast-paced, knowledgeable reporting of affairs both global and local have won an enthusiastic following among his readers. Like so many of the men and women who staff the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, Grim brings an undeniable something extra to his job—one major reason why these two good newspapers have won the regular readership and responsive regard of an entire region: the 3⅓ state Upper Midwest.

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Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY
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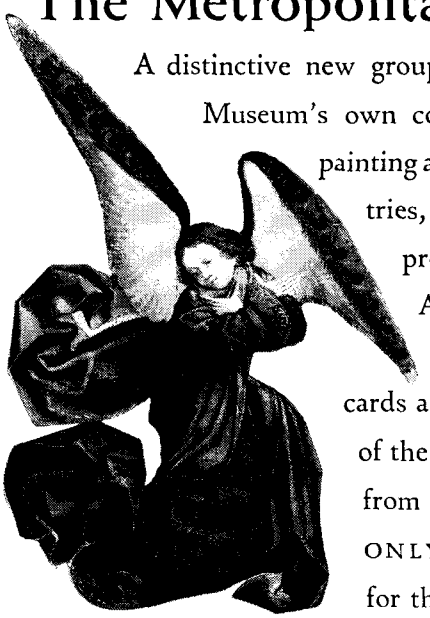

A distinctive new group of sixty-five cards drawn from the Museum's own collections – Masterpieces of European painting and sculpture, medieval woodcuts, tapestries, illuminated manuscripts in gold and precious colors, brilliant enamels, early American Christmas illustrations, works of art from India, China, and Japan. The cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and cost from 5 to 75 cents. They can be bought ONLY by mail or at the Museum. Send 25¢ for the handsome new illustrated catalogue.

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publisher? Maybe they'd say Matson was off his rocker. Maybe they'd say that I was right. This was a great book. But I've always had a lot of respect for Matson. He's one of the best in the business. He wouldn't budge an inch from his position.

"I reread the manuscript. I began to see what he meant. The story wandered off the line, got lost. Maybe there was something I could salvage, but damn little of it. I finally faced the facts: I had to start over again from scratch. I went through it a third time. It was just possible I could save about 100,000 words. I did. That meant 350,000 new ones. I felt sick in the guts, but I went ahead and did it. Month after month after month—with the crazy feeling in the stomach that maybe I could have got away with the first draft.

"But now I'm glad I didn't. I know Matson was right. He's happy with the final draft and so am I."

From early reports, a lot of other people are, too.

SCENES SEEM TO duplicate themselves in the business of putting together a column. Over in another hotel suite, Groucho Marx was nursing a cold and a scotch and soda.

"If I had a horse which was running like my nose, I'd be a millionaire," he said. "Have a seat."

Fresh from completing his engaging and witty book "Groucho and Me," he was as relaxed as his cold would allow him to be.

"The best book in the English language is E. B. White's 'Charlotte's Web,' and don't let anyone tell you differently," he said. "White knows how to use the English language. No

fat. No excess. Plenty of beauty. We could use a lot more E. B. Whites in this country."

Did he enjoy the switch from performance to print?

"Absolutely. Get a bigger kick out of my name in print than any number of performances. Show business is a rough business. You can lose your shirt in it. I've been thrifty and I've been lucky, and now I'm going to take a little time to sit back and write about things which I like—or don't like."

We reminisced for a while about his great old shows and movies, his classic puns ("If Gallant Fox was a good mudder, I wonder if the mudder ate his fodder?"), his days when all four Marx

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brothers used to run riot on both stage and film.

With the arrival of his pleasant wife and young daughter, we rose and left, already half an hour beyond the scheduled time.

His last words, as we closed the door: "Don't forget to read 'Charlotte's Web'!"

THE CONDUCTORS WHO punch with and without care are given a thorough going-over in the new book by our illustrious colleague of TRADE WINDS, Jerry Beatty. Titled "Show Me the Way to Go Home: The Commuter Story" (Crowell), the book probes one of the most sensitive areas of a man's life, and probes it well.

Jerry's explanation as to why he had to skip so many good case histories in his book is alarmingly clear when you think it over:

"It became quickly apparent that it wouldn't be possible to tell the whole story when there was obviously a book in each train ride, and when each rider felt there was a book in his own experiences alone," he writes. "More than half a million commuters have at least one anecdote to tell when they reach the office in the morning, and one more to add when they get home at night. That's a million anecdotes a day. That explains why no one I talked to ever had to stop and think before he dilated on the subject of commutation."

COME TO THINK of it, we've had a short story in the back of our mind for a long time now. The working title is "The Night They Switched the Trains." In it, the White Plains local gets switched to Stamford, and the Stamford local goes to White Plains. Swarms of commuters get out, stumble to a waiting car, peck the woman at the wheel on the cheek, have a triple sec martini at home, and collapse for the night. The next morning, they grope their way to the station, jump into a train, and arrive at the office.

There's not a single line in the papers about the whole mix-up; not a single person was aware that anything unusual happened. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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What puzzles people is how Demara, with such a limited background, avoided exposure during academic and scholarly arguments and debates. His answer shows a cunning grasp of the rules of human conduct. "I always lost the debates," he says.

TWO FASCINATING BOOKS ON TWO GREAT THINKERS

as seen in candid and revealing conversations by their friends and colleagues

DIALOGUE ON JOHN DEWEY

In this exchange of opinion and reminiscence, the great philosopher and educator comes vividly to life. We meet him with his family and friends, overhear his lectures, glimpse him at work, discuss his books, see him absorbed in ideas and above all "living his philosophy." Readers will find here a delightful and instructive companion for the Dewey Centennial year.

Participants in the discussion: James T. Farrell, James Gutmann, Alvin S. Johnson, Horace M. Kallen, Harry W. Laidler, Corliss Lamont, Ernest Nagel, John H. Randall, Jr., Herbert W. Schneider, Harold Taylor, Milton Halsey Thomas *(A biographical sketch of each participant included in the volume).*

DIALOGUE ON GEORGE SANTAYANA

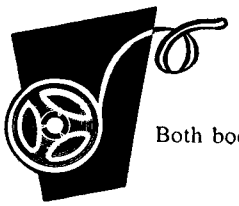
A paradoxical and poetic nature is revealed in this book about the philosopher who was also a beloved teacher and friend. We learn of his personal life and of his ideas; hear his self-estimate as a man of letters; learn of his increasing isolation. Out of the conversation emerges a portrait of absorbing interest.

Participants in the discussion: James Gutmann, Horace M. Kallen, Corliss Lamont, Milton Munitz, Ernest Nagel, John H. Randall, Jr., Herbert W. Schneider *(Biographical sketches included in the volume).*

Originally recorded on tape – both dialogues have been edited by

CORLISS LAMONT

with the assistance of **MARY REDMER**



Both books published on Tuesday, October 20 (John Dewey's Centennial)

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This time, every taxpayer in the country got a break because the independent company built the dam. But sometimes the pressure groups win, and you and everybody else pay hidden taxes for their victory.

Remember this difference the next time you hear somebody beating the drums for more federal government power systems. When they win—*you* lose.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 24, 1959

A Nation Shapes Its Culture

CANADA and the United States occupy a single continent, but while Canada knows us well, she seems an inarticulate stranger to the U.S. This has led to frequent misunderstanding and occasional irritation; yet no two nations stand to gain more by a harmonious relationship. It is against this background that the editors have planned this special section. Some of the questions *Saturday Review* has sought to answer in gathering material for it are: Is Canada made shy by a more glittering neighbor? Is she a country whose personality is split by the dominance of two distinguished and jealous parent cultures, the Gallic and Anglo-Saxon? Or is she, as some have suggested, finding a strong, distinctive cultural accent of her own to match her achievements in science?

The purpose of this issue is to survey Canada's accomplishments, her potentialities, her dilemma. The first article is by Frank H. Underhill, head of Laurier House, Ottawa, who forthrightly bares some of her limitations. In a succeeding article the divisive French-Canadian complex is probed by Mason Wade of the University of Rochester, who is an authority on this area of the Dominion's society. Other strands in her society are revealed in the novels appraised by Granville Hicks, who surveys her fiction over the past several years. Paradoxically, the strongest sinew in her creative life, knitting together a number of the arts, is the vigorous Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, subject of the article by Walter O'Hearn, managing editor of the *Montreal Star*. But she is also active in music, the fine arts, drama, and poetry, which come under the scrutiny, in turn, of Sir Ernest MacMillan, dean of Canadian music; Robert Fulford, Toronto journalist and art critic; Herbert Whittaker, drama critic of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, and *SR*'s poetry editor, John Ciardi. Finally, this issue's guest editor, Julian Park, professor of history and international relations at the University of Buffalo and editor of "The Culture of Contemporary Canada," asks whether "Canada is a cultural satellite of the U.S." Whether the answer is "yes," "no," or "partially," she has assuredly done much to merit American respect.

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A COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF AN IMAGE

By FRANK HAWKINS UNDERHILL

THE CANADIAN is doomed forever to torture himself by unanswerable questions as to what constitutes the Canadian identity and what distinguishes him and his fellow Canadians from their American neighbors. Or rather, it is the Canadian intellectual who is so doomed. For he is bitterly aware that, however much he may claim that an elite Canadian culture is developing with some distinctive characteristics of its own, our Canadian mass culture is being every day more and more assimilated with that of the American masses. This distinction between elite and mass culture is, in fact, one of his insoluble problems. If he is honest with himself he has to admit that Hollywood and Madison Avenue are not merely alien influences that threaten our Canadian cultural survival; they are the characteristic expressions of twentieth-century mass democracy everywhere in the Western world. And the question whether there is a distinctive Canadian identity becomes the more unanswerable because all the time the French-Canadian intellectual is preserving his identity against "Anglo-Saxon" pressures in North America by insisting on the differences between him and the English-Canadian. *"Qui dit voisins dit ennemis,"* as the nationalist French-Canadian penguin remarked to the English-Canadian penguin.

This complicated cold war of Canadians vs. Americans and French-Canadians vs. English-Canadians, is of course, a unique kind of cultural struggle, because Americans do not know that it is going on. And when a Canadian reads American sociological students on American civilization in the 1950s, or Englishmen on English civilization, it is bound to occur to him that the deeper currents seem to be running in the same direction in all the English-speaking communities.

In Canada, we also are going through a period of prosperity, conformity, and conservatism. Our young people, like those in the United States and Britain, seem to be chiefly security-conscious, nonpolitical, other-directed, not much interested in literature or the arts. In these very days when rockets from the earth circle the moon, they seem to be mainly intent on cultivating their local gardens. Canada hasn't even a minority of beatniks or angry young men. We are becoming more and more a homogenized, middle-class society.

Yet I think it can be maintained plausibly that during the past generation we Canadians have become a more mature people, more complex and more interesting. But we have not succeeded in impressing this fact on other people.

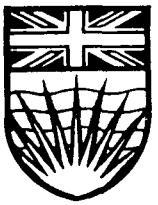
There is no clear image of Canada abroad. In spite of the crusade of French-Canadian clerics to preserve a corner of Catholic civilization in America against the assaults of Anglo-Saxon materialism, and of professional patriots among us English-Canadians to work up a resistance against American commercial imperialism, neither French- nor English-Canadians have shown much capacity for sustained messianic enthusiasm. Since we don't get excited about our mission in life, we don't attract the attention of other people.

Canada has not been taken as the theme of a great classic study of democracy by a Tocqueville or a Bryce, nor even by a Laski or a Brogan; and American students are only beginning to find Ph.D. thesis subjects north of the international boundary. It is true that the best book ever written about Canada was by a European—André Siegfried. "The Race Question in Canada" (1906) was a penetrating and somewhat merciless analysis of Canadians as political animals. But perhaps the most significant thing about it today is that it has long been out of print and is almost unknown in Canada itself, so that it must be completely unknown outside.

A few years ago, at the time of the Suez crisis, it looked as if Canada, through the diplomacy of Lester Pearson, was about to stand forth with a distinct creative policy in the United Nations. The world would then have had an image of Canada that might have interested it. But since then such Canadians as express opinions in public about world affairs have sunk back into platitude and piety.

One reason why we have not impressed a Canadian image upon the minds of outsiders is that, in spite of our political connection with a great European power, we have never had much intimate intellectual intercourse with Europe. There is at present a school of conservative thinkers in Canada who insist that, because we did not break the political connection with Britain when we became a completely self-governing nation, we have been thereby endowed with a happy freedom from the parochial nationalism of the United States. But the chief evidence that they adduce for this wider and higher world outlook of ours is the fact that we go to war whenever Britain does. I should say that ever since we turned our back upon the American Revolution we have never quite found a moral equivalent that might give us a positive purpose in life and a sense of high destiny. At any rate, our membership in the British Commonwealth doesn't seem to stimulate us very markedly to imaginative cultural efforts.

IN the nineteenth century we imported European culture—chiefly British culture—and exported Canadian lumber, wheat, and other staple natural products. But this, of course, is a colonial kind of traffic. The Americans, on the other hand, in spite of their Revolution, always maintained a two-way cultural traffic across the Atlantic, and it was a traffic between equals. Franklin and Jefferson and their contemporaries were full citizens of the civilization of the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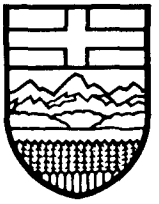
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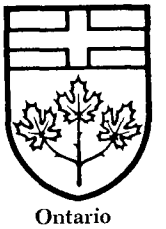
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eighteenth-century Enlightenment. All through the nineteenth century the young republic, proclaiming itself a new Eden inhabited by a new Adam, had a fascination for Europeans of all nations and classes. And when Paradise was lost again, the American metaphysical novelists with their concentration upon the darker depths of human nature, from Hawthorne and Melville to Faulkner, have exercised another fascination. We can point to nothing like that as a Canadian influence upon Europe.

We have no group in our Canadian history like Emerson and the Boston Brahmins who corresponded and visited as equals with their British contemporaries. We have little to parallel the stream of American graduate students who took courses at German universities and brought back the concept of the university as distinct from the little arts college, and who then by their own achievements in the natural and social sciences won recognition from European scholars. We have had no such distinguished Canadian exiles in England as Henry James and T. S. Eliot. Today there are no Canadian writers on whom young Europeans are eager to model themselves, such as Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner. There is no Canadian dramatist whose works are first produced in Stockholm and then on Broadway, as are the posthumous plays of Eugene O'Neill. There is no Canadian school of abstract expressionists like Jackson Pollock & Co., whom Europeans recognize as having more vitality than the contemporary school of Paris. There is no Canadian Charlie Chaplin. There is no Canadian jazz or rock 'n' roll which penetrates even behind the Iron Curtain. One of these days we Canadians are going to wake up and discover with a shock that the Americans for a long time have been closer to Europe than we have been. This will leave our conservative social philosophers in an embarrassing state of cultural nudity.

Still, in spite of the difficulty experienced by our intellectuals in discovering a cultural dynamic that will clear the danger zone of American infection, there have been quite a few milestones in the last generation that are encouraging to the egghead. The most important change in Canada since 1918 has been the increasingly significant role played by the universities and by the university man as such. If one goes back to study Canadian public affairs at the turn of the century, one cannot fail to be struck by the almost complete absence of any voice coming from the universities. Today the highly trained academic specialist is writing constantly about political and economic and social issues in journals and in books that do get read by the people who make policy, if not by the general public.

He is serving in the upper ranks of the federal Civil Service, notably in the Departments of Finance and External Affairs, in the Bank of Canada and the great commercial banks, and more in the great business corporations. He sits on Royal Commissions or works for them. The reports of the Massey Commission on national development in the arts, letters, and sciences, of the Fowler Commission on broadcasting, and of the Gordon Commission on Canada's economic future have affected public thinking as well as government policy. I share the belief of most Canadians that the influence of informed intelligence upon public policy can be much more easily detected in Ottawa than in Washington.

As the result of the Massey report there is now functioning in Ottawa a new body, established in 1957 to help foster the arts, humanities, and social sciences: the Canada Council. It has large funds at its disposal for distributing scholarships and fellowships to individual students in these fields, for helping universities in their building programs, and for subsidizing symphony orchestras, art galleries, museums, drama groups, and other such cultural activities. There has not been time yet to know whether the Canada Council, financed as it is by government funds, will distribute its largesse with imagination and daring or whether it will sink into the rut of merely helping already established and respectable cultural institutions; especially, there has not been time to learn whether it will be able to function free of political pressure. But it is a great experiment. The Social Science Research Council of Canada (established in 1940) and the Humanities Research Council, which are organs set up by Canadian scholars themselves, used to be largely dependent for the financial help they could give to fellow scholars upon funds from the great American foundations; now they work closely with the Canada Council in distributing its money.

The National Research Council, operating in the field of the natural sciences, with its laboratories in Ottawa and other centers, cooperates closely with the university science departments. Its history goes back to World War I. Also financed by government funds, but genuinely dependent of political interference, it has a magnificent record of achievement in its own research and through young research scientists to whom it has granted fellowships.

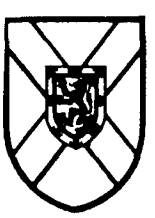
The Canada Council and the National Research Council are, incidentally, socialistic experiments. Although the Canadian people—to judge from our newspapers and public speeches—are as passionately devoted to the ideology of private enterprise as Americans, it is curious to observe how often, when we set ourselves seriously to creating a Canada that shall have some distinguishing features of its own, we have recourse to government enterprise. The National Film Board, which wins prizes at international exhibitions though it hasn't so far undermined the rule of Hollywood in Canada, is another example.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, however, is our great example of a national effort, financed by the taxpayer, to develop distinctive Canadian culture, to build up in the field of mass communications a service that will help to unite Canadians as Canadians and to save us from the worst influences of American commercialized radio and television. It has been very expensive in a thinly populated country to establish a broadcasting service that will stretch across the continent to reach all Canadian homes (this necessitates a French service as well as an English one), and TV has increased the cost enormously. Canada has tried to make room for both this public service and for competing private stations, a number of which are about to be launched in our big cities, where the CBC has hitherto had a monopoly.

But the CBC has had to finance itself by advertising, as well as by public funds; and it has never succeeded, either in radio or in television, in producing popular entertainment programs that can compete in their mass appeal

Quebec

New Brunswick


Nova Scotia

Newfoundland

Prince Edward Island

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with what comes over the American chains. So it has had to import some of these American programs. Recently its four most popular TV shows have been American in origin. We now have a new Board of Broadcasting Governors, whose duty it is to see that a proper proportion of both CBC and private-station programs are Canadian in origin and content.

On the other hand, the CBC's programs of fine music, of radio drama, and of "talks" have been of high quality and have done a great educational service. Here it has been genuinely creative achieving something unique in North America. But this is high-brow stuff; and the CBC has been the center of controversy from the beginning for the particular mixture of high- and low-brow programs that it puts on the air. It has had a uniformly bad press, partly because most of our big newspaper publishers either control or hope to control lucrative private broadcasting stations and partly because newspapermen seem to be natural Philistines.

During the past twenty-five years the CBC has faced three Royal Commissions and fourteen Parliamentary committees. At the moment it looks as if our whole experiment with broadcasting as a public cultural service, rather than as a private, profit-making business, is in grave danger.

So there we are. We have made significant advances in Canada during the past generation in other fields than those concerned with the development of our natural resources. But we haven't yet succeeded in creating an image of Canada that outsiders, Americans or Europeans, can easily recognize. Ultimately this is because whenever a Canadian reaches that stage of self-consciousness in which he begins to ask questions about the Canadian identity he is in danger of becoming obsessed with the fear that he may discover that we are merely Americans. This obsession inhibits creativity. We can never quite be spontaneous.

Three years ago J. B. Priestley, the English author, did a tour across English Canada, taking part in public discussions before live audiences and on the air with a great variety of Canadians. After he got home he reported his experiences and impressions in two talks over the BBC. "The cadence of the typical Canadian voice," he said, "is different from the American; it is half nasal, one-quarter Scots and one-quarter Irish, and has a rather sad tone, as if something once dear and now lost and forgotten is still being endlessly regretted. . . . There is in Canada today somewhere seated on the throne of power a man who continually says 'No' to life." I wish I could feel absolutely certain that Mr. Priestley is wrong.

CANADA

THE CULTURAL COLD WAR

By MASON WADE

IN 1839 Lord Durham, reporting on a Canada recently torn by rebellions, described the French Canadians as "a people with no history and no literature, deprived of the enjoyments and civilizing influence of the arts." He proposed to Anglicize them in order to relieve them of their "hopeless inferiority," which he blamed on their retention of "their peculiar language and manners." The unanticipated effect of Durham's recommendation of assimilation for the French Canadians was to crystallize a sense of nationality that had been born a century earlier under French rule, and to provide the impulse for a cultural development that still remains vigorous, long after the French Canadians accepted his other recommendation of responsible government to insure their political survival. Today French Canada takes an exceedingly active part in the nation's creative life; and its contributions to Canada's dual society do much to keep this culture distinct from that of the United States. For French Canada's culture is a unique and intricate amalgam of its French and Catholic heritage, the North American environment, and Roman, British, and American influences.

To a great extent it is a willed culture rather than a spontaneous development. Durham's contemptuous words directly inspired F.-X. Garneau's "Histoire du Canada," which first appeared in 1845 and as recently as 1946 went into an eighth edition. Garneau's book, permeated with nineteenth-century nationalism, stimulated successive generations of French-Canadian writers to concern themselves with their heritage, and today it still remains a national Bible. From the 1850s onward a group of younger men, headed by the Abbé H.-R. Casgrain and known as the Patriotic School of Quebec, carried on Garneau's work in history and other literary fields in a deliberate effort to create a national culture.

They delved into the rich heritage of legend and folklore; they wrote Hugoline hymns to the Golden Age of the French regime; they piously celebrated the Arcadian life of the habitant; occasionally they wrote thesis novels about a French Canada that was just beginning to feel the impact of the industrial revolution in the second half of the nineteenth century. Their work strengthened the group-consciousness of a people who had struggled ever since the British conquest of Canada to maintain their identity against conscious and unconscious pressures to conform to the way of life of English-speaking North Americans, who very largely share a common culture.

At the same time Quebec's ties with France—which had been virtually cut by the conquest, the French Revolution of 1789, and the Napoleonic Wars, which saw Canada's old and new mother countries locked in a battle to the death—became close once more as a result of the Anglo-French alliance in the Crimean War. Napoleon III sent a cultural mission to Canada in 1855. French support of the Papal States against Garibaldi's Red Shirts strengthened the renewed bond, and Quebec mourned when the Germans overran France in 1870 and Paris fell prey to the Commune.

THE work of Octave Crémazie French Canada's first notable poet, reflects these developments, as does that of Louis Frechette, whose poems were crowned by the French Academy. By the 1890s and early 1900s other French-Canadian writers were imitating contemporary French models. A Parisian-influenced Montreal School replaced the Patriotic School of Quebec, and the Canadian metropolis became a literary outpost of Paris. French teaching orders seeking refuge from the antireligious educational laws of the period, and French scholars and writers acting as apostles of cultural imperialism, brought the classical colleges and French universities of Quebec closer to French cultural life. The old time lag of a colonial culture was cut down.

If most French-Canadian intellectuals tended to remain suspicious and standoffish about a modern France which had repudiated much of the ancient French and Catholic heritage that Quebec cherished, some of those who went to Paris to complete their education returned in a mood to regard life in Canada as exile from the mainstream of French civilization. On the other hand, a few Frenchmen found the French-Canadian heritage richer than the French Canadians themselves did. It was Louis Hémon, a young

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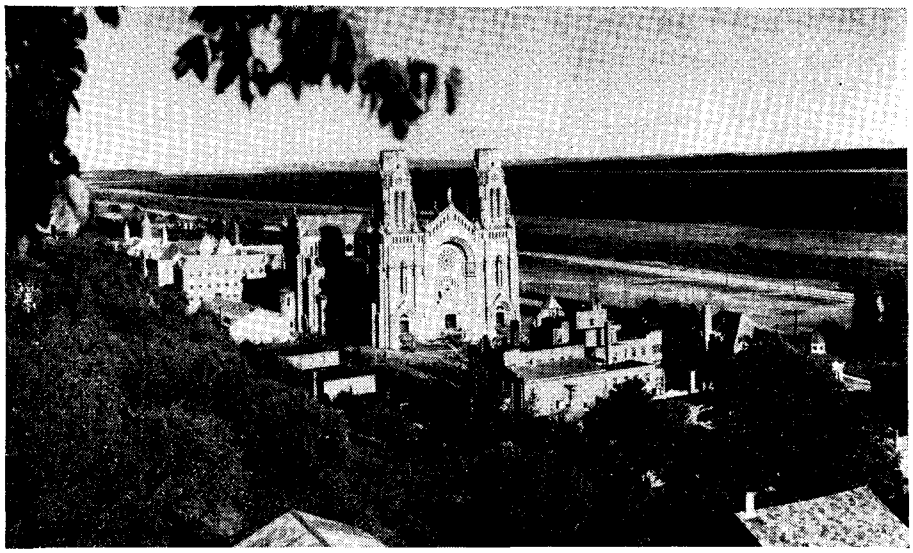

Saint Anne de Beaupre Shrine in Quebec—"A willed culture."

French journalist who came to Canada in 1910, who wrote the first classic French-Canadian novel, "Maria Chapdelaine," which exalted the stubborn French-Canadian devotion to the French tradition, to Catholicism, and to life on the land. Hémon did not live to see his book's great international success, but he probably did more to influence French-Canadian literature than any writer since Garneau. His book inspired a host of novels idealizing rural life, whose authors—romantic clerics and urban intellectuals—preached a return to the land as the answer to French Canada's problems in the new industrial age that had upset the old order in Quebec and threatened to engulf French Canada in an alien way of life common to English-Canadians and Americans.

A revolt against "Anglo-Saxon" political and economic dominance, which grew out of the split between English and French Canada on the conscription question in 1917-18, gave a racist flavor to much French-Canadian writing of the postwar period. This racism was particularly marked in the work of Abbé Lionel Groulx, whose influential historical writings depict Canadian history as an unending battle between English and French, and whose two novels attack intermarriage between French and English Canadians ("L'Appel de la race") and British mistreatment of the Acadians ("Au Cap Blomidon"). The old political nationalism, rebelling against Confederation as a broken pact between English- and French-Canadians, tended to become an economic nationalism during the great industrial development of Quebec by English-speaking interests in the 1920s, and during the depression of the 1930s, when French Canada was prostrated by the collapse of a capitalism in which its intellectuals had little faith.

THE lean years saw a turning-away from the romantic tradition which had so long dominated French-Canadian fiction. In 1933 Claude-Henri Grignon ("Valdombre") published his "Un homme et son péché," a realistic study of *habitant* avarice. In the following year Jean-Charles Harvey's "Les Démi-Civilisées" dealt with corrupting modern influences on Quebec's traditional way of life, while in 1937 Dr. Philippe Panneton ("Ringuet") thoroughly deromanticized *habitant* life in "Trente Arpentes." The latter two books were the first modern French-Canadian novels to be translated and published in English. The new trend was hardly offset by the publication of the Abbé Felix-Antoine Savard's poetic novel of pioneer life, "Menaud, maître-drayeur," which derived from the old tradition. Nationalist writers were haunted by the long-held dream of a separate French-Canadian state, (regardless of its geographical and economic impossibility) which would enable French-Canadians to escape from a crumbling economic and social order that had been imposed upon them by cultural aliens. They showed considerable enthusiasm for the Mussolini and Salazar regimes as being more suited to the "Latin" genius; and the anti-imperialist, isolationist tide, which had first risen at the time of the Boer War, once more rose high.

Quebec's isolation from France after June, 1940, and the subsequent emergence of Montreal as the wartime world center of French publishing favored the development of greater cultural autonomy. After a short-lived attempt to find cultural support from Latin America, which foundered after the discovery that the French down there were more North American than "Latin," French Canada was forced to stand upon its own feet. New literary reviews flourished to take the place of those that had come from France, and French-Canadian writers found publishers eager to bring out their books to meet the world demand for French books. By 1945 a French-Canadian Academy was established, marking the self-conscious development of a French-Canadian culture distinct from that of France. The old elite of clerics and professional men no longer dominated the literary scene. The younger writers turned away from traditional themes to study new aspects of a society evolving rapidly under wartime pressures. Roger Lemelin's "Au pied de la pente douce," published in English as "The Town Below," satirized traditional nationalism and clericalism in dealing with the life of the urban proletariat. Gabrielle Roy's "Bonheur d'occasion" ("The Tin Flute") was another successful fictional study of the socially disinherited.

The French theatre in Montreal suddenly took on new life. The anonymous actors of "Les Compagnons de Saint-Laurent" produced modern French, English, and American plays,

—*H.S.*

In French Canada, outdoor baking—"Notre maître, le passé."

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as well as the classic dramas of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. Drawing on the reservoir of talent created by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's radio and TV French networks, (Montreal is second only to Paris as a center of French productions in these media), other companies came into being, of which Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde was perhaps the most notable. French Canada's beloved dramatic satirist, Gratien Gélinas ("Fridolin"), turned from the production of annual revues, which he wrote, directed, and acted largely himself, to full-length plays. His "Tit-Coq" dealt with the problems of a reluctant French-Canadian soldier in a manner that gave both French and English audiences a better understanding of the conscription question, which once more had come close to splitting Canada in 1944.

While a postwar effort to make Montreal a center of French commercial film production failed, French-Canadian contributions to the documentary films of the National Film Board have been extensive. The Board moved its production center from Ottawa to Montreal some years ago to take advantage of the talent available there. Though Montreal is gradually losing its old role of economic capital to Toronto, its claims to be the cultural capital of Canada are even stronger today than before.

FOR here in the city that was founded in 1642 as Villemarie by a militant French missionary imbued with the zeal of the Counter-Reformation, and which is today in some quarters as British as London and in others as French as Paris, the French and English strains of Canadian culture meet and mutually influence each other. In the postwar years Hugh MacLennan's "Two Solitudes" have come together in a way that seemed impossible when that admirable fictional study of English-French relations appeared in 1945. The official recognition of cultural dualism in the Massey Report (1951) on Canadian culture, since implemented by the federal government, has greatly improved relations between the two cultures, while strengthening both. The French-Canadians, who have long been concerned with creating and preserving their own culture, have come to realize that at last the English-Canadians have accepted the fact that culturally Canada must be both French and English if it is not to be American. There are many signs that the intellectual and creative energy so long devoted to insuring *la survivance* is now finding its way into more productive channels. The old watchword, *"Notre maître, le passé,"* is now yielding to the newer cry, *"Notre maître, l'avenir."*

CANADA

NOVELISTS IN THE FIFTIES

By GRANVILLE HICKS

THE creativity of Canadian writers has been high. In his painstaking essay on poetry and the novel in Julian Park's "The Culture of Contemporary Canada," Roy Daniells writes:

> Perhaps a dozen Canadian authors have been widely read outside Canada; among them are Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Gilbert Parker, Ralph Connor, L. M. Montgomery, Stephen Leacock, Mazo de la Roche, and Morley Callaghan.

Haliburton belongs to the first half of the nineteenth century, but all the others I have known—in a literary sense—as contemporaries. Miss Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables" and its immediate sequels were among the joys of my boyhood. A little later I discovered Carman's poetry and Roberts's tales about animals. In high school I read Ralph Connor's "The Man From Glengarry" and Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty," and in college I was convulsed by Stephen Leacock's "Nonsense Novels." So far as I can recall, I have never read any of Mazo de la Roche's Jalna books, but in the late Twenties and Thirties I was aware of their popularity. I have followed Morley Callaghan's career from "Strange Fugitive" (1928) to "The Loved and the Lost" (1951).

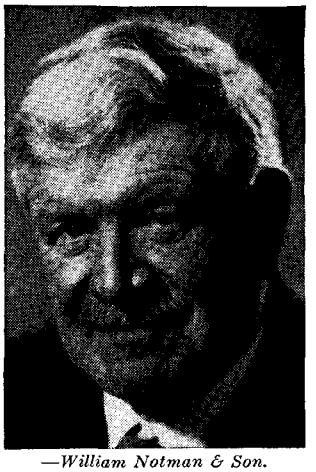
What strikes me now is that I took these writers for granted. But as I look back. I realize that they were all speaking for Canada and that they were, in their various ways, shaping my conception of what Canada was like.

Today a new generation speaks for Canada, and as before we on this side of the border read them without considering what they represent. What I propose to do in this essay is to call attention to a few Canadian novelists who have been active in the past decade. With one exception—and I think he will not long remain an exception—the writers I am talking about have all made an impression in the United States. I want to take a close look at what they have been doing—as writers and as Canadians.

It is natural to begin with Hugh MacLennan, whose latest novel, "The Watch That Ends the Night," had a substantial success in the States this past spring. He was born in Cape Breton in 1907, was graduated from Dalhousie University, spent three years at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, and took his Ph.D. at Princeton. He has traveled a great deal in Europe and the United States as well as in Canada. For some years he has taught English literature at McGill University, and, in addition to his five novels, he has written many articles for magazines on both sides of the border.

After completing a novel about Halifax, "Barometer Rising" (1941), MacLennan struck his stride in "Two Solitudes" (1945). This is an ambitious book, dealing directly with one of the central facts of Canadian life, the conflict between British and French traditions. Its most imposing character is Athanase Tallard, a French-Canadian

—Andrew D. Skilling.



—William Notman & Son.

Mazo de la Roche and Stephen Leacock—Before the Fifties, outside acclaim.

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of old and aristocratic stock who breaks with his tradition and pays a steep price for his boldness. The novel, which covers the period from 1917 to 1939, is also concerned with Athanase's son, Paul. Paul falls in love with Heather Methuen, who has been brought up in the best English-Canadian society of Montreal, although she has also been influenced by her maternal grandfather, who is a maverick. This grandfather sums up the situation:

> Thinking of Heather and Paul, he reflected with wonder and some indignation that each was the victim of the two racial legends within the country. It was as though the two sides of organized society had ganged up on them to prevent them from becoming themselves . . . On both sides, French and English, the older generation was trying to freeze the country and make it static. He supposed all older generations tried to do that, but it seemed worse here than any place else.

Paul and Heather solve their problem after a fashion, and MacLennan ends the book with an indication that there may also be a solution for the country.

With "The Precipice" (1948) MacLennan attacked another crucial issue—the relationship between Canadian culture and the culture of the United States. The novel begins with an affectionate but realistic portrayal of life in a small Ontario town. Here live three sisters, daughters of a stern old Calvinist, John Knox Cameron. The middle sister, Lucy, falls in love with a businessman from the United States, marries him, and goes to live in New York City. What happens to their marriage is the subject of the novel.

The enduring power of Calvinism has continued to occupy MacLennan's attention, and it provides the theme of his most dramatic novel, "Each Man's Son" (1951). The hero is a doctor in a mining community on Cape Breton Island. So far as his intellect will take him, Dr. Ainslie has rejected Calvinism, but attitudes have survived even though dogmas have been denied: "every day of his life was haunted by a sense of sin, a legacy of the ancient curse." In the end he comes "to understand that in comparison with a loving human being, everything else is worthless."

"The Watch That Ends the Night" (1959) is a novel made of several strands. One of its most impressive sections, for instance, is an account of a journey taken by a boy in the New Brunswick wilderness. It also contains as perceptive a description of the effects of the depression as I have encountered. The principal theme, however, is the influence of a woman who lives in the shadow of death. "Life was a gift," her husband says; "I knew that now." Thus the novel is an answer, and a triumphant one, to the life-denying Calvinism that has so long preoccupied MacLennan. It is also his fullest account of contemporary urban Canada.

MacLennan is a worthy rather than an exciting novelist. He often writes very well indeed, but he has not been able to create a distinctive style. Furthermore his passion for documentation and his liking for multiple themes involve him in problems of form that he has not solved. But he always interests and convinces and sometimes he moves the reader. Strongly conscious as he is of his problems as a Canadian writer and determined as he may be to portray the special characteristics of the Canadian scene, he is never satisfied with a journalistic glance at surfaces. On the contrary, his whole purpose in showing us what is specifically Canadian is to enable us to grasp what is basically human.

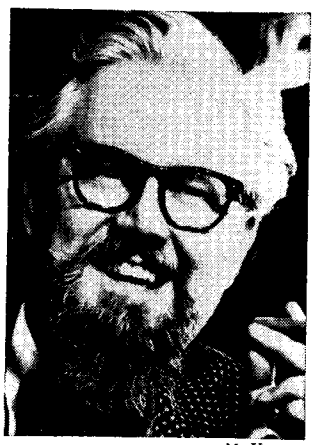
Robertson Davies, who was born in 1911, has been a playwright and an actor, and is currently editor of a daily newspaper, the Peterborough *Examiner*, and literary editor of a weekly, *Saturday Night*. "Leaven of Malice," published in Canada in 1954 and in the United States in 1955, is a consistently entertaining satire. Davies has a good eye for the particular qualities of Canadian life, and he approaches them without reverence. One of his characters is a young academician who has been forced into undertaking a study of a tedious Canadian poet. ("Amcan's the coming thing," the head of his department tells him, meaning American-Canadian literature.)

> "Why," the young man asks himself, "do countries have to have literatures? Why does a country like Canada, so late upon the international scene, feel that it must rapidly acquire the trappings of older countries—music of its own, pictures of its own, books of its own—and why does it fuss and stew, and storm the heavens with its outcries when it does not have them?" Solly pondered bitterly upon these problems, knowing full well how firmly he was caught in the strong close mesh of his country's cultural ambitions.

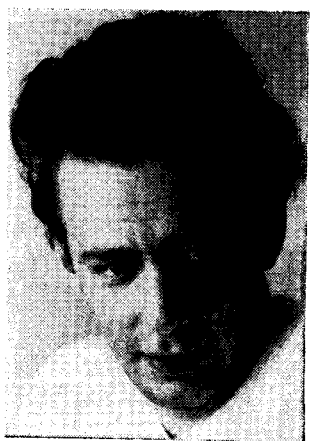
Davies's second novel, "A Mixture of Frailties" (1958), is not quite so successful. Several of the characters who figure in "Leaven of Malice" are in the background of this novel, and they are as amusing as ever, but in the foreground is a new character, a young singer, and much of the book is a serious account of her career. Davies is often witty, but in this book satire is incidental. His account of Monica Gall's career is knowledgeable, for he has been, among many other things, a critic of music, but as a person Monica is only partly convincing. Satire appears to be Davies's strong point.

Two interesting younger writers are

—*Rosemary Gilliat.*



—*McKague.*



—*Kryn Taconis.*

(L. to r.) Hugh MacLennan, Robertson Davies, Mordecai Richler—If not the Great Canadian Novel, many good novels.

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"Okay, check me off now—there's famine, frost, flood, land erosion, the Indian Bureau, Strontium 90—anything else I haven't covered?"

both Jewish. Adele Wiseman, who was born in Winnipeg in 1928, published her first and so far her only novel, "The Sacrifice," in 1956. It did well in the United States and uncommonly well in Canada, and its merits are such that its success is gratifying.

"The Sacrifice" is the story of three generations of Jews in Canada. Its theme is familiar—the breaking down of traditional values in a new environment—but Miss Wiseman has brought to the subject fresh insights and a great tenderness. Miss Wiseman is both a skilful and a powerful writer. Her novel covers a considerable period of time, and is laid in both the Old World and the New, but she moves with assurance in time as well as space. Miss Wiseman is writing another novel, and I am eager to read it.

Mordecai Richler is even younger than Miss Wiseman (he was born in Montreal in 1931) but his fourth novel has just been published. After attending Sir George Williams College for two years, he went to Europe and wrote his first novel, "The Acrobats." He came back to Canada for a few months in 1954, but since then he has made his home in London.

Like Miss Wiseman, Richler is concerned with the disintegration of traditional values, but he sees this as a problem of our age rather than as a specifically Jewish problem. After having written about Spain in his first novel, Richler laid his second, "Son of a Smaller Hero" (1955), in his native Montreal. Much of the action takes place in the Jewish section, but the author demonstrates his familiarity with the city as a whole. When Noah Adler, who has broken with his family, sees something of the Gentile literati, he finds that they are as rootless as he is but not so well aware of the fact.

"Son of a Smaller Hero," it is interesting to note, has the same critical incident as Miss Wiseman's "The Sacrifice"—the rescue of Scriptures from a fire. But whereas her treatment is tragic, his is ironic. Although Noah Adler's father receives a hero's burial, his action was in fact—as his son knows—motivated by greed, and the reader can only regard this as a comment on the confusion of values in our time.

In "A Choice of Enemies" (1957) Richler defines even more pointedly the problem of rootlessness. One of the principal characters is a fugitive from East Germany, who has been in his short life both a Nazi of sorts and a Communist of sorts. Ernst Haupt's story is contrasted with that of Norman Price, one of a group of Canadian and American writers, mostly scenarists for the moving pictures, who have exiled themselves in London because of their Communist sympathies. Price is compelled to understand how natural it is that Ernst should have no principles, and at the same time he is forced to recognize the inadequacy of the principles to which his erstwhile friends have given their allegiance. The dual disillusionment is almost too much for Price's sanity.

In "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," published in this country by Atlantic—Little, Brown, Richler returns to Montreal. Again he is primarily concerned with the ghetto, but again he traverses large sectors of the city. Once more the problem of values is central. Kravitz, like Noah Adler, is in rebellion against the traditions to which his family adheres and against the society in which he finds himself, but, unlike Adler, he has a simple aim—the acquisition of wealth in the form of land. (The idea of the importance of land comes from his grandfather.) To achieve this end, he drives himself furiously while he is still in his teens, and there is no one he will not sacrifice to his purpose.

Kravitz is an extraordinary character, a bewildering mixture of ruthlessness and generosity, sophistication and childishness. In a letter written on his deathbed Kravitz's uncle tells him: "There's more to you than mere money-lust, Duddy, but I'm afraid for you. You're two people, that's why. The scheming little bastard I saw so easily and the fine, intelligent boy underneath that your grandfather, bless him, saw. But you're coming of age soon and you'll have to choose." At the end of the book, however, Duddy hasn't chosen, and it seems likely that he never will.

Richler is a writer of great energy, which he is only beginning to learn how to control. "Duddy Kravitz" is his best novel, not perfectly disciplined, but more closely constructed than its predecessors. In its presentation of a particular scene, in its invention of incidents, and particularly in its creation of a remarkably complex character, it is a sizable achievement.

Richler is no more specifically Canadian than he is specifically Jewish, but he has written well about the Canadian scene, and even "A Choice of Enemies," which is laid in London, is full of echoes of Canadian life. If he goes on living in Europe, he may turn away altogether from Canadian subjects, but he will remain a product of Canada, just as our expatriates have remained products of the United States. He is already a writer of whom Canadians may be proud, and his major accomplishments should lie ahead.

The Canadian novelist has a special economic problem in that he cannot hope for an even halfway decent financial return unless his books sell in England or the United States. Richler summed up the situation in an article he wrote a year or so ago for *Maclean's Magazine*:

> There are only between forty and fifty English-language bookshops in Canada, and this, a generous figure, includes department-store book counters and so forth. Most of the publishers here are actually distributors for British and American publishers. Imported books from the U.S. account for approximately 70 percent of all book sales in Canada, and about half the books sold in the country are sold in Toronto, although Montreal is a better book town on a per capita basis. There are only five or six true publishers of Canadian books—that is, companies that can bring out books on their own, irrespective of pre-publication deals with England or the U.S.A.

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A sale of 1,000 copies, or better, of a serious novel by a Canadian writer is considered good going, although Adele Wiseman, I'm told, has sold more than 5,000 copies of "The Sacrifice" in Canada. No serious Canadian novelist—including Morley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan—is able to support himself strictly on the sale of his novels in Canada.

There is also a literary problem. Robertson Davies's Solly may scoff at "his country's cultural ambitions," but they are perfectly understandable. The fact that Canada has never had a novelist of the first rank is an undeniable handicap. The young American novelist can always tell himself that what Hawthorne, Melville, James, Hemingway, and Faulkner have done he can do, but the young Canadian feels that the burden of proof rests on him.

ON the other hand, the young Canadian writer does not stand alone. He has great traditions behind him, the traditions of all the English- and French-speaking peoples and, for that matter, of the whole of Western civilization. No national culture is isolated: Melville was not less American because he owed a heavy debt to Shakespeare. The novelist in Canada can only aspire to be as good a novelist as possible. If he is a good novelist, he will be a good Canadian novelist.

The record shows that the novel has prospered in Canada in the Fifties. The writers I have been looking at are a diverse lot, and their diversity is, of course, an encouraging sign. If none of them has written the Great Canadian Novel, they have all, in their different ways, written good novels, and that is saying a great deal.

CANADA

CBC SELLS CANADA

By WALTER O'HEARN

BROADCASTING has done a lot to preserve the Canadian accent and tone. This has been part of a deliberate policy, a national design. By this test each radio or television program produced for the publicly-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation becomes a political act, however esthetic in intention. Whether it is a talk on ceramics or an ambitious "live" drama ninety minutes in length, it is part of the plan to keep Canada Canadian.

One can no more divorce this subject from politics in this broad sense than one can separate it from economics. The CBC was created in the first place by a government and a people not in love with public ownership but because it was an economic necessity. Even today seventeen million Canadians straddle half a continent, with vast intervals between centers of population. For such a people to have a broadcasting system that would compete on respectable terms with the great American networks subsidy was inescapable.

Raise the question—why compete?—and you stumble against the hard fact of Canadian nationalism. Because the 70 per cent of Canadians who speak English as their first tongue are so beguilingly American in appearance and idiom the casual visitor may assume that we are all the same people. We are not. The Canadian blood temperature is some degrees lower, the boiling point higher. We have different sets of aspirations.

To put this problem in perspective I must go back to the first decade of commercial broadcasting, say, from 1919 to 1929. It was not until the latter year that the U.S. actually recognized the right of Canadian stations to any section of the wave band. During the Twenties a pioneer manager of a Canadian station, wringing his hands as his signal was blanketed by an American rival, might also have to deal with angry phone calls from citizens who demanded that he get off the air because he was interfering with their reception of Amos 'n' Andy.

The typical commercial manager, being a businessman, was quick to decide that his best way out of the dilemma was to join Amos 'n' Andy. By the end of the decade Canadian stations were little tributaries of the developing United States networks. Canadian artists and playwrights served, if at all, as filler, with the distinguished exception of hockey commentators. The impact on the national culture was nil.

In those years the Government of Canada did make a timid essay in the field of public broadcasting, first through the publicity department of the Canadian National Railways (another publicly-owned body) and later through the so-called CRBC, a feeble ancestor of the present corporation. But it was not until 1936, when the CBC was formed by the orthodox Liberal government of W. L. Mackenzie King, that the distinctive trend to Canadian content began and a style was enabled to develop.

The first chief executive of the new system was W. E. Gladstone Murray, a Canadian who had held high rank in the British Broadcasting Corporation. In some ways the CBC was heavily influenced by the BBC; it is a publicly-owned corporation, not a government department; it fights for its independence and with varying degrees of success resists political pressure. But the differences are significant. The CBC has never been a monopoly system, although it used to control and discipline private stations. It has mixed sponsored and unsponsored programs, dealt freely with U.S. networks in an attempt to present a balanced package. It loses a great deal of money, which is made up by grants out of the public funds.

It has special problems, and dealing in two languages is only one of them. It must also cater to the regionalism of Canada, which is most intense in the less privileged sections, and keep production staffs in centers that are not financially rewarding. Under these conditions sheer survival for twenty-three years has been a feat in itself. The development of a distinctive Canadian style and tone and a solid contribution to a Canadian culture are extra dividends and better than Canada had any right to expect.

The style is many-faceted. Newscasters are trained to keep their blood pressure down, to pause between items, to avoid the Gatling-gun delivery of the commercial announcer. The result, occasionally pontifical, is often soothing. Commentators, recruited by the Talks and Public Affairs Department, are usually non-staff, chosen from newspaper offices and college faculties, and are notable for their numbers, their

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frankness, and the wide range of opinions. Some people in Canada, including some back-benchers of the present ruling Tory party at Ottawa, are convinced that all CBC contributors are a bunch of leftists. Actually great care is taken to give every opinion from moderate left to moderate right an airing. Censorship is at a minimum except for gross bad language or slander.

CBC panels, both on radio and TV, tend to be more frequent and more free-swinging than their U.S. counterparts. "Wednesday Night," a radio program designed as a capsule version of the BBC's Third Programme, will, for example, devote a whole evening of air time to a life of Haydn—with two symphony orchestras and a cast of players. The program's notable tribute to Eugene O'Neill, coming immediately after the playwright's death and at a time when New York didn't seem to care, touched off the O'Neill revival.

Before images danced on the screen, drama was the chief glory of Canadian broadcasting. Under Andrew Allan, a Toronto producer of extraordinary inventiveness and taste, a whole school of Canadian playwrights got their first hearing. Some of these, such as Lister Sinclair, Joseph Schull, Mac Shoub, and Reuben Ship, became known abroad. Ship's play "The Investigator," in which a McCarthy-like figure raises hell in heaven, was recorded in the United States and enjoyed a brisk under-the-counter sale during the last days of the witch-hunt.

The CBC came to television cautiously, in 1952, five years after commercial TV was an American fact, at a time when 100,000 Canadians owned sets and tuned into stations south of the border. Soon caution was discarded. Montreal, responsible for all French TV production, became the third largest production center in the world. Even today the French radio actors' union in Montreal has more than 5,000 paid-up members, of whom at least 700 make a good living. Toronto, the English production center, took on some of the aspects of a mining camp, with American directors and artists pouring in and reversing the historic trend.

The first few years were ones of chopping and changing. Television drama in Canada lacked the striking boldness of the radio production, and even today you may have a feeling that initiative is being grasped but slowly. This is not always true of productions in French, but the French network has other troubles.

The sad, brutal fact is that the CBC is in trouble. The first blow was the 1957 report of the Fowler Commission on Broadcasting (named for its chairman, R. M. Fowler). This body's recommendation, later embodied as law, stripped the corporation of its regulator function and turned this over to a new Board of Broadcasting Governors. The chairman of the old board of governors, the imperturbable A. Davidson Dunton, left the corporation to become a university president. Dunton had steered the corporation through many angry assaults. His successors, President Alphonse Ouimet and Vice President E. L. Bushnell, were hard-headed professionals. They had perhaps been too long in secondary positions to deal confidently with the pressures from Parliament Hill. An October 1st reorganization added three vice presidents and three general managers to the CBC brass. This may possibly help to solve internal problems but it is not expected to strengthen the Corporation's outer defenses.

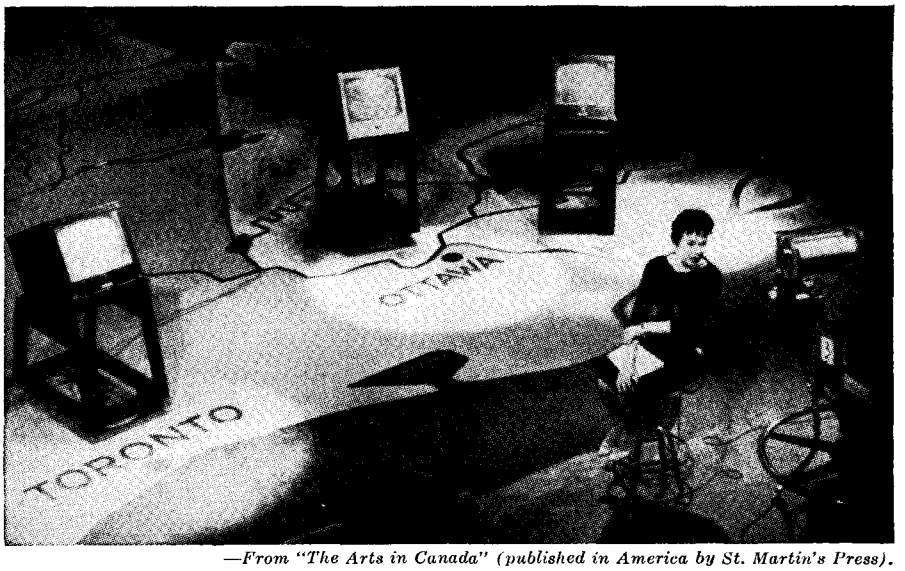
LAST winter saw a disastrous strike of French-language television producers, which was prolonged due to administration muddling and which left a residue of bitterness. This had scarcely been settled when an $84,000 spectacular in French celebrating the beatification of Mère Marguerite Bourgopys set pious Quebec aflame. It was not only tasteless, its critics charged, it was sloppily done. Some newspaper reviewers agreed with them.

The fuss over Parliament Hill and the mass resignations were the next mishaps. The cumulative effect of these was a public impression that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation lacked direction, that its independence and survival were at stake. The CBC's best friends are still concerned and the one element of hope in the situation is that even the most antagonistic member of Parliament doesn't really want the organization to disappear. It is irreplaceable.

Probably the antagonistic M.P. doesn't think in terms of culture, but he does realize that his sparsely settled riding would be worse served, or not served at all, if the CBC vanished. He may criticize the Corporation for paying part of the cost of sponsored spectaculars (subsidizing General Motors!) but he doesn't want the spectaculars to disappear either. And the realities of broadcasting are such that a Canadian spectacular must be subsidized out of the public purse.

Educators and most editors want to see the Corporation flourish because it has contributed to the national culture and hence to the Canadian identity. CBC announcers may say "shedule" and "laBORatory," whereas most Canadians don't, but they have created a distinct style. Canadian actors good enough to adorn a first-rate Shakespearean festival at Stratford got their training and their living out of broadcasting. Playwrights usually find it advisable to hold onto another job, but at least they have been given a hearing. So have poets. For years the CBC has commissioned poets to read their works. Oddly enough, the program is as popular in its own way as the indispensable Farm Forum.

There are in Canada an estimated 4,000,000 homes. At the end of 1958, radio sets were past saturation, with 4,003,000 in actual use. Television sets had burgeoned from those early 100,000 to 2,908,000—a more than 70 per-cent increase. Not all these set owners listen to the CBC. American TV has a powerful pull for those who can bring it in from border points. But for at least half this audience the CBC is the only broadcasting medium and the most familiar. With all its lately developing weaknesses, all its little pedantries, it has generally lived up to this strange responsibility.



—From "The Arts in Canada" (published in America by St. Martin's Press).

"Close-Up," a CBC-TV panel show—"More free-swinging than in the U. S."

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CANADA

THE MUSIC IS ALIVE

By SIR ERNEST CAMPBELL MacMILLAN

COMPOSITION should be the most important and significant manifestation of a nation's musical life but Canada's contributions to musical literature have, until recent years, been of comparatively little interest. Nor can the works of Canadian composers be said to have taken on a distinctively national stamp. The younger generation in particular rarely seeks its material in folk song although, especially in French Canada, this is still a living force in the life of the people. The Canadian composer is therefore an eclectic, and it is well-nigh impossible to generalize on the style of his works. Perhaps it is even undesirable that he should seek to give his music a national stamp. At present whatever characterizing features can be traced usually indicate the racial origin and personal background of the composer, and therefore Canadian music can be defined only as music written in Canada.

A mere catalogue of names, even if complete, would not be very illuminating. Nevertheless some names must be given and, with a few notable exceptions, they will be those of composers still living. Claude Champagne (1891-) is by general consent acknowledged as the leading French-Canadian composer of his generation, and Healey Willan (1880-) as the dean of English-speaking composers. Moreover, within the last quarter century the younger generation has produced a mass of serious music unprecedented in earlier years. While international influences can be detected in much of their work, each of our younger composers has his own individual traits. Among those in their forties, John Weinzweig was one of the first to adopt the twelve-tone technique and, both in his own music and in that of his many gifted students, he has done much to familiarize our audiences with that idiom. On the other hand, Godfrey Ridout and Czech-born Oskar Morawetz rely on more conventional models, although one would not label them "old-fashioned." In French Canada some of the most notable names are Jean Papineau-Couture, Clermont Pépin, who is thirty-three, and Pierre Mercure, thirty-two. Alexander Brott, born in 1915, is probably the most outstanding of Montreal's English-speaking composers and, as a conductor, has also done much to make Canadian music known both at home and abroad.

Canada has given to the world many outstanding musical artists, such as Emma Albani, Pauline Donalda, Edward Johnson, Kathleen Parlow, Lynnwood Farnam, and others. More recently such singers as Lois Marshall, Maureen Forrester, Jon Vickers, Leopold Simoneau, and Raoul Jobin have won wide acclaim at home and abroad; the brilliant Glenn Gould is only *primus inter pares* among a large number of highly gifted pianists, as is Betty Jean Hagen among violinists.

The leading orchestras are naturally found in the largest centers of population—Toronto, Montreal, and Vancouver. Within the last year or two the Winnipeg Orchestra has also come to take a prominent place in our musical life, while the orchestras of Ottawa and Halifax, though smaller, have won increasing public acclaim. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has been a good friend to all these; it has also established its own full-sized orchestra in Toronto and smaller groups of fine quality in Montreal, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. By far the chief employer of professional musicians, the CBC also sponsors the work of chamber groups in the leading cities; some of these, such as the Baroque Trio of Montreal, the Montreal String Quartet, and the Toronto wood-wind ensemble, give performances hard to surpass. It is unfortunate that the vast distances separating our leading centers and the expense of traveling prevent most of these organizations from being heard, except over the air, outside their own communities. Nevertheless the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, for example, has appeared frequently in various American cities as well as in Montreal, Hamilton, Quebec, and London, Ontario. Extended tours, however, are still impossible, as the players are not under full-time contract and many of them have other regular engagements at home.

VALUABLE aid is given to individual artists and small chamber groups by Les Jeunesses Musicale du Canada (J.M.C.), Overture Concerts of Vancouver, and other organizations. Furthermore, in Western Canada, the Young-Artists Series has for many years sent gifted protégés to centers in the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. These are only a few instances of attempts to cope with a serious problem: that of adding to sound training the necessary platform routine.

Choral music has always played a prominent part in Canadian musical life. Nearly every large community boasts a concert chorus, although modern conditions—increased distances and heavy traffic in our growing cities, as well as counterattractions such as movies, radio, and television — are serious handicaps in recruiting and holding voluntary singers. It must be admitted too that our public is less responsive than formerly to choral music as such, for musical activity has become more diversified.

When all is said and done, however,

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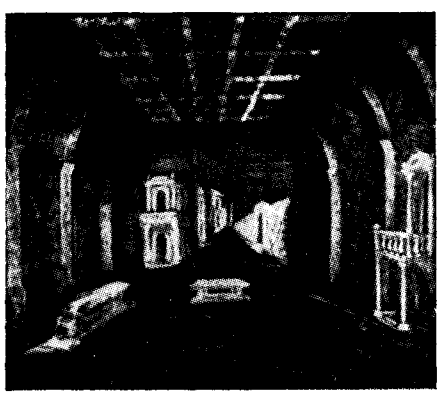

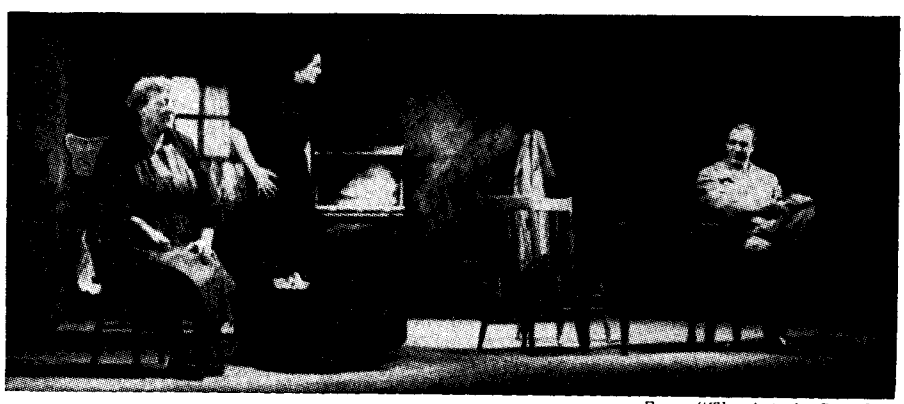

—From "The Arts in Canada."

(L.) "Don Giovanni," performed at Vancouver Festival, 1958; (r.) "The Consul" performed at the Opera Festival Association of Toronto — Opera has won increasing favor.

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ART IS NOT "PROVINCIAL"

By ROBERT FULFORD

THE MOST striking fact about Canadian art in this century is that it has gone from internationalism to internationalism in fifty years. Half a century ago art in Canada was dominated by English and Dutch landscape painting. Today, art in Canada is under the influence of international abstract art. But between these two periods of internationalism there was a kind of Canadian art, now almost dead, which gave this country its only truly native form of artistic expression. We have never had literature or music that spanned the whole country, cut across geographical and linguistic barriers, and captured the imagination of Canadians as a whole. But we have had a kind of painting which did just that. It is still the largest and most enduring monument in the history of Canada's artistic life.

The Group of Seven (as this movement is called) was formally founded at Toronto in 1920, and it flourished for at least the next fifteen years. Now that the important members have been sorted out and studied, we can see that their differences were at least as important as their similarities. A. Y. Jackson seems now to have dedicated himself mainly to the task of setting down the Canadian landscape in decorative, simplified forms. J. E. H. MacDonald was most distinguished for the fluidity of his line, which suggests both Van Gogh and *art nouveau*. Lawren Harris made it more obvious each year that he was attempting an extremely stylized (and eventually abstract) kind of painting. Fred Varley, though he painted some excellent landscapes within the Group of Seven tradition, turned out to be much more important as a painter of the human form and face.

But at the time it was important that Canadians saw the Group of Seven as a whole, and saw what its members were doing collectively rather than individually. These painters were determined (as one of them has said) that "Canadian painting should reflect this country and should not ape European fashions." Until then, European art and its Canadian-made imitations hung everywhere in Canada. The Group of Seven used some of the tools offered by Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, but their central ambition was to depict the rugged, challenging Canadian landscape. As a result, they created—for the first and only time—a form of art that Canadians could call their own.

Today few Canadians will ask the rest of the world to acknowledge the Group of Seven as an important artistic force. The fact is that it was, in international terms, a decidedly secondary movement, too limited by its political and nationalistic background to be anything but regional. As A. Y. Jackson says in his autobiography, "A Painter's Country," the Group had little hope of affecting art anywhere but in Canada. Even though many academic critics and collectors showed a sort of antimodern hostility toward the Group of Seven landscapes when they first appeared, the pictures themselves were outdated almost before they were painted. Today, when we Canadians look at the work of the Group—and at the work of such other distinguished Canadian artists as J. W. Morrice, of Montreal, and Emily Carr, of Vancouver—our enjoyment and admiration are at least partly conditioned by nationalistic pride and gratitude. Rarely in the history of art has any school of painters done so much to help a nation find itself.

It seems obvious now that it was this mixture of nationalism and paint that caused postwar artists to react so violently against all that the Group of Seven represented. Canadian art since the Second World War has shed its nationalism not in easy stages but in a series of sudden, violent rips. It was no accident that the first of these came in French Canada, where the artists have always been closer to Europe than their English-Canadian counterparts. In 1947 a group of the Quebec abstract artists even went so far as to issue a manifesto (titled "Refus Global," and full of phrases like "sister works of the atomic bomb") but this was only the most obvious aspect of a revolt against landscape painting that had become academic.

Paul-Emile Borduas, the leader of

(*Continued on page* 55)

Blunder Harbor, by Emily Carr

—From the Collection of the National Gallery of Canada.

"Car Ferry at Sidney, B.C.," by Edward J. Hughes.

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CANADA

THE AUDIENCE IS THERE

By HERBERT WHITTAKER

WATCHING the progress of Canadian theatre is like watching a parade in which the floats are too widely spaced. What's gone before seems ages past. What you are seeing now is bright with promise. What is to come is hard even to imagine.

Seven years ago that wily Irish magician, Tyrone Guthrie, created the Stratford, Ont., Shakespearean Festival out of the native soil. Its astonishing success justified the long dreams of the people who had been working to establish an indigenous theatre since the American stock and British touring companies abandoned the territory to the theatre of the depression, which came on celluloid. In the wake of Stratford, and of Dr. Guthrie, came the Canadian Players, inspired to take the plainest, purest platform drama to the audiences strung so sparsely above the celebrated U.S. border. In Toronto the Crest Theatre boldly established the highest principles of the English repertory theatre. And across the country those little theatre groups linked by the indomitable Dominion Drama Festival took heart in the establishment of a professional theatre.

More by their own need in isolation than through any influence from Stratford, the small, bickering theatres of French Canada gained new strength From their ranks rose mightily the Théâtre de Nouveau Monde, now internationally known. Finally—springing up on the opposite edge of the country—there is the recently organized Vancouver International Festival, which envisions British Columbia as a gathering place for Canadian talent.

These phenomena—strung out across a flattish land, which had begun to look as it might be the first country to dispense with the ancient mimic art—brought the faithful to the sidelines to congratulate each other. But it took faith and perspective to see Canadian theatre as moving, majestic, and something to cheer about.

It is true that not all of these innovations are as shiny as they were. Even Stratford has lost its novelty and sometimes appears less of a native flowering than it did. But the Canadian theatregoer has been trained to optimism in a hard school, and small cracks in his new idols do not easily daunt him. Besides, his faith is supported by material evidence.

Stratford's continued leadership of the new Canadian theatre is guaranteed by the splendid structure that has replaced its original tent.

Moreover, continued building guarantees additional theatrical activity in Canada: Gratien Gelinas's Comedie Canadienne is the pride of Montreal. With Queen Elizabeth's assistance, the second Vancouver Festival has opened a spacious new auditorium. Toronto has another near completion, and in Montreal a concert hall is well into the talking stage. Other concrete-and-glass buildings loom across the country, most of them figuratively—but not all. As the famous Massey Report on the Arts cautiously remarked some ten years ago, a national theatre does not depend on bricks and mortar, but the commitment such things represent can be heartening.

More spiritually uplifting is the Canada Council, which has generously included theatre, ballet, and opera among its concerns. True, its subsidies must run less in cash than in compliment, but its interest is appreciated as an assurance that it is indeed supporting art.

What is the position of the actor in the midst of this slow developments? How does he fit into the Canadian society? Well, for one thing, today he can mark "actor" on his income tax form without having it thrown back at him. And, largely through the development of government-sponsored television, he now has occasion to file such forms. He is beginning to be accepted by the public—although the latter wavers between the belief that he is paid like a Hollywood star and surprise that he is paid at all. Although the Canadian actor is heartened by his new opportunities, he is not content to wait until the small population of his large homeland will support a theatre fully. He goes away to study, to gain experience, to win notice, to earn. He knows he is more appreciated when he returns, although that appreciation dwindles if he stays.

THE Canadian theatre, has attained recognition, some subsidy, new homes, and new hope, but Canada still awaits its playwrights. Until they speak to it of itself, the country's theatre will likely remain a borrowed art. The need is recognized. The Canada Council is aware of it and does what little it can; the still-lively Dominion Drama Festival is aiding at the grass-roots level. Most promising, the Stratford Festival, backed by the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, has held a contest to find a Canadian play.

So the parade goes on. It commands attention and allows hope. The standards set are high, for Canada is reluctant to support any low, vulgar theatre.

The audience, augmented by "new Canadians," is growing. Perhaps the most encouraging sign of the year just past was that the Bolshoi Ballet, playing in Toronto's hockey arena, the Maple Leaf Gardens, drew a bigger gate than the national sport. Vancouver's Festival has yet to find its audience, but Stratford is confident of its box office. The Canadian people are interested and may gradually be transformed into an audience.

Gratien Gelinas playing "Fridolin" in Montreal.

—From "The Arts in Canada," published in America by St. Martin's Press

"Hamlet" performed by Stratford Festival, 1957.

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The Coming Struggle for Peace

Editor's Note: *Lester B. Pearson, former Foreign Minister of Canada who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957, is the author of the following guest editorial on the global struggle for peace and survival the free world must wage during the next ten years. Mr. Pearson is now leader of the Liberal Party in the Dominion.*

Soviet Prime Minister Khrushchev has come and gone. His visit has been more successful than might have been expected.

Those who arranged it must be breathing more easily because diplomacy at the Summit, preceded by a tour which had some of the earmarks of a circus, can be a very risky business. Nevertheless there are signs that the visit and the talks with President Eisenhower have removed some misunderstandings and reduced tensions. It would be foolish to expect more; and even these expectations must be qualified by what happens when diplomatic negotiations now begin on specific problems, such as Berlin.

The final assessment of this visit will therefore depend on:

1. The progress made in these negotiations, especially on disarmament, where Mr. Khrushchev seems to have made significant concessions to the Western point of view on international inspection and control. It is important to respond to this move quickly and positively.
2. The impression that Mr. Khrushchev has received, not only of United States strength but of the sources and non-aggressive character of that strength. Mr. Khrushchev's talk to his own people in Moscow—and to his Chinese ally in Peiping—suggests that these impressions have been good. If so, one of the greatest threats to peace may have been reduced—Soviet ignorance, which is a basic cause of fear and conflict.

In a word, there is cause for some relief and satisfaction in this visit but no grounds for any premature judgment that the cold war has ended. The road ahead is still difficult, and progress will be slow. There is at least more hope now that progress will take place.

Both the hope and the difficulties that confront us on the road ahead may possibly be measured at this time by asking ourselves some central questions about the next ten years and then trying to come up with at least exploratory answers.

The first question might well be:

Lester B. Pearson—"there is hope."

What concrete hope does the next decade hold for ending the cold war satisfactorily?

I think there is hope for making progress in that direction. But I assume one or two things. One is that we in the Atlantic area will remain strong. Another is that we will remain united, because I don't see how we can be strong unless we are united.

It's on the basis of that strength and unity that I get my hope. Strength is absolutely essential, not only as a foundation for negotiation but also because, without strength, any who might wish to break the peace would be almost irresistibly tempted to seek easy victory. So, with strength and with unity, I think there is some reason to hope.

Another reason for hope is not easy to put into words, but I have very definitely the feeling that there are forces at work inside the Soviet Union which will make for greater freedom there as time goes on. With greater freedom there is a greater chance for cooperation between the Soviet Union and other peoples. I believe that the forces of freedom will never be permanently denied in any society and that they are at work in Russia. I think we can take some hope from that, but I don't think we should allow it to prejudice our strength.

I get hope also out of a possibility of a firm and constructive diplomacy from our side. This is based on the assumption that the Russians are willing to continue negotiation.

Whether these hopes will be realized in ten years is anybody's guess. It means Russia moving toward a mixed society where now there is very little freedom. But on our side, there is a similar trend toward a mixed society, with the state securing more and more power against the individual. Personally I dislike that trend, but perhaps the two societies can more easily meet on that ground of the mixed society with basic freedoms in each.

The danger on our side is that the mixed society is becoming unbalanced in favor of the State. The danger to the present Russian system is the reverse; that forces of freedom will move in the Communist society to the point that they are going to be more powerful eventually than the State is now. This danger is our opportunity. Our danger, they might argue, is their opportunity. That's what Khrushchev undoubtedly means when he says "your grandchildren will all be members of a Socialist society."

Will our present machinery for containing the Communist threat—United Nations, NATO SEATO, etc.—be adequate for the coming ten years?

Containment is a defensive, a nega-

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tive concept; it is not enough. We've got to move forward—not merely to contain the Communists but to capture the Communist mind. We've got to convince these people that our system has more to offer the individual than theirs can. That's something beyond containment.

The United Nations as it is at present constituted is of no great value for security purposes. I can't think of the United Nations at the present time in terms of universal collective security because it's divided by the cold war. For this reason you can't use the United Nations now for the security purpose we're discussing without breaking it up. However the United Nations *is* of extreme value as a forum for discussion and negotiation and for increasing the standard of living of backward people. In that sense it remains as important as we hoped it would be in 1945.

While the U.N. may be deficient in this security area, NATO is here of vital importance. Indeed NATO is the result of our inability to do these things through the United Nations. It's a second best, but it *does* represent collective action for security; something which we never had before 1939. It represents the acceptance of collective obligations for defense by all its members.

If NATO does not develop into something more than a military alliance, it won't last any longer than the fear which gave it birth. There must be some basis for unity and cooperation other than a common fear. This may ultimately require building up the Atlantic community into something almost like a federation of states. If we can't do that, one of these days NATO will fall apart. So we should build up the habit of consultation and cooperation until we get to a point where we are working closely together for far more than defense. This is going to take quite a long time, but the trend, I hope, is in that direction.

Do you feel that we can move in this direction fast enough so that there will be no war?

I don't know. I think that at the present time the greatest protection against war is the fact that both sides now realize that nuclear war is universal destruction; so as long as the Western side—particularly the United States—can keep the deterrent at a level where it could destroy the Soviet Union in defense against Soviet attack, then that country is not likely to start any major trouble; or at least commit any major aggression. So we have that protection against war. But in the long run arms alone have never guaranteed peace in the past, and arms

alone will never guarantee peace in the future. What our deterrent power has done is to give us an opportunity to work out some better arrangements to secure peace. And we had better do it in the next five to ten years.

What are the next decade's potential trouble spots? How may we anticipate these difficulties? Can we avoid further brush-fire conflicts—total war?

The major danger spot, it seems to me, is the power and might of an aggressive ideology like that of Russia. That's a basic danger. There is no doubt, in my mind at least, that the Russian people are a dynamic, aggressive people; aggressive not necessarily in the military sense, but a people on the march. Look at what they have done in ten to fifteen years! And if that dynamism, that power and might are harnessed to the wrong purpose, it becomes a major danger to peace.

I think the Russian people are genuinely frightened of the United States. So would I be if I were a Russian, because I wouldn't have any other information than that which I got from my government about the United States and its policies. While it is important for us to learn something about Russia, it is much more important that the Russians learn something about us. The more Russians we can get over here for that purpose the better it is.

Do you feel that, with its present attitude, Russia would provoke another Korea, as in Formosa or the Near East?

I think that as long as they feel that they are surrounded by unfriendly powers, particularly the United States, and as long as they feel that we do not accept the specific purposes of international Communism, the Russians will do their best to strengthen their position by creating positions of strength around their periphery. If that means stirring up trouble, they will stir up trouble. But I think—and I hope I'm right—that they are realistic and cold-blooded enough about this in the Kremlin to refrain from going too far. I think they will not shrink from conflict if it strengthens their position, but I don't think they want nuclear war. This is our danger. Not so much that they may start a calculated major war of aggression, but that they may miscalculate and think it's safe to stir up trouble in some area; trouble which might get out of hand.

Do you think that they would think it's safe, for example, to go into Formosa?

I think they would leave that almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. I doubt very much whether the Russians have any paramount influence on Communist policy in the Far East. I think there's more of a danger of the Chinese dragging the Russians along in the Pacific than vice versa.

Many people have predicted that the Chinese threat would gain and the Russian threat would go down in the next ten or twenty-five years. Do you think that possible?

Yes. The Chinese revolution is still in a dynamic stage. The Russian Communist revolution has settled down now more into established power politics. I don't think their dynamism has run out; I think they still have it. But the Russians have now established themselves. In consequence, they are probably a little more stable now than they were twenty years ago.

The Chinese Communists on the other hand, are still in the full flow of revolutionary ardor. They feel that they haven't completed their revolution in their own country; that they haven't yet unified their own country. Therefore they may perhaps be a little more dangerous in that respect than the Russians. Furthermore, if and when the Chinese Communists have industrialized their country, the prospect of 500 or 600 million Chinese industrialied, organized and on the move, is pretty frightening. A comforting feature is that perhaps by that time the forces of division between Russia and China will have begun really to operate.

Is there any sort of inconsistency in trying to convince the Russian people that our motives are good when it's just a few people in the Kremlin who make the decisions? Shouldn't Khrushchev really know what our ideals and goals and ambitions are so that he couldn't miscalculate?

He should, but he's the product of

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a Marxist education and a Communist upbringing. In his younger and more formative days he was subjected only to those influences, so it's possible that he may have become the victim of his own background and his own propaganda. On the other hand, it may well be that he knows that he exaggerates to his own people fear of the United States. That is a well-known tactic of despots, to strengthen your position at home by making your people frightened of something outside.

Now I don't know whether Khrushchev, in his statements about the United States "warmongers" and the things he says about United States imperialism, is being completely dishonest and hypocritical or whether he has convinced himself that that menace does exist. I once spent some hours with him at his country place in the Crimea, and he can make a very convincing case for his own beliefs and his own fears. However, whether these fears are genuine, or partly genuine and partly calculated, the fact remains that he and his little group—but especially Khrushchev – are the people you have to work on first.

Do you think Khrushchev would be willing to dare a limited aggression if he felt it would just be a limited aggression?

I think that if he felt a limited aggression was required in the interest of Russian policy (and I think he is more concerned with Russian policy than with Communist policy); and if he thought he could get away with it without its spreading into a nuclear war, which he doesn't want, I think he wouldn't hesitate. But, being a very realistic person—and in spite of his extravagant words, a man with some sense of limitation—I believe that he would be very careful not to start even a limited aggression unless he was pretty certain that it wouldn't lead to nuclear war.

What do you think his objectives are during the next ten years?

I believe we should do him the courtesy of believing what he says in these matters. We didn't do that with Hitler, to our sorrow. We thought that Hitler was merely raving when he made some of his wilder statements about the future of Naziism and what it meant to the world. So I think we had

better believe Khrushchev when he says that he is going to make Russia the strongest power in the world, militarily and economically, and thus convince the rest of the world, especially the submerged people of Asia and Africa, that the doctrine under which Russia became so strong so quickly is the doctrine under which other peoples can and will grow strong.

Do you think he has a good opportunity for winning these uncommitted people?

He has had a good opportunity. I don't think we should be surprised at the progress the Communists have made in the Asian and African territories. I think it would be surprising if they hadn't made such progress. On the other hand, I think we can take some comfort out of the fact that they haven't been able to accomplish more than they have done. These ex-colonial peoples, who considered themselves to have been oppressed and exploited for many years have now found an opportunity to express themselves, and to gain national freedom, in part because of the weakness of the West after two world wars. The Russians and the Communists then moved in and offered them every kind of promise, catered to every kind of desire, tried to convince them that all their hopes could be realized in Communism. They portrayed themselves to these people as the liberators of the exploited and oppressed, and pointed to their own example of what Communism had done for people in Russia, without having to be too particular about the true facts which were not known to those to whom the appeal was being directed. With all that, perhaps it's surprising that the Communists haven't made more headway in Asia and Africa. Although China has gone Communist, there is no other Asian country that has established its independence on the basis of Communist doctrine.

What do you feel the lineup of nations in the Near East and in India will be ten years from now?

I wouldn't be a bit surprised, if I went to the United Nations Assembly ten years from now, and found that the non-Communist Asian countries had formed a pretty solid and pretty powerful group; that the Middle East and African countries had also, by that time, formed important blocs, and that these blocs were quite as jealous of Russian Communist interference as of Western interference.

I think that as countries become established as independent states, they will realize that Communism is a new form of imperialism, a greater menace to their independence than the old-fashioned imperialism which is on the way out. I think there is evidence now in the Middle East and in Asia, and indeed in Africa, that these new countries do not wish to have the old form of imperialism replaced by the new form of Communist imperialism.

We have allowed the Russians to pose as the defenders of people struggling to be free against imperialism. It has not been easy to prevent them from doing that. These countries have no experience or knowledge of Russian government or methods, but they do have knowledge and experience of British, French, and Dutch government, and some of them didn't like it. As a result, they fall for Russian propaganda; especially as the Russians give strong verbal support to all their nationalist demands.

Somehow or other we have to get across—or they have to find out for themselves—that the Soviet Union represents this new and dangerous form of imperialism.

They are begining to find it out. Hungary drove it home to them. Events in Tibet made quite an impression on Asian countries. By the same token, the British, for instance, don't mean imperialism to them now. In fact, the British have shown them the way to freedom. No one is frightened in Asia now of British imperialism in the way they used to be. I think that the Chinese tyranny in Tibet earlier this year and the quelling of the Hungarian revolution by Russian tanks did far more to destroy the influence of Soviet communism in Asia than any amount of propaganda from the West.

What do you consider to be the challenges and relationships required of the individual members of the Free World defense team—individual governments, private companies, and the citizens, share owners, and employees supporting each?

When I hear a question like that, I despair of my own ability to answer it in any satisfactory way, because what you have said is: What must we do to be saved? I wish I knew the answer. On the level of government, is it not true that any free and democratic government has now to think of its own policies in a context wider than its own boundaries? In other words, if governments now adopt poli-

(*Continued on page* 56)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THREE CHEERS

THREE CHEERS FOR Cleveland Amory in his column of October 3rd, wherein he lets Dorothy Kilgallen and Ruth Montgomery have it and good! Never did see what value these snobby women and their superficial comments had for newspapers except that, unfortunately, there may be some women readers who agree with their lightweight values.

MIRIAM B. MANDELBAUM.
Los Angeles, Calif.

MADAME'S FACE

ALL RED-BLOODED AMERICAN women will I'm sure, wish to express their gratitude to Miss Dorothy Kilgallen for having alerted them to the evils of Communism, which she so cleverly detected in the dress of Madame Khrushchev and which she so "charitably described" as "rump-sprung" and "dismal." Too many of us, it seems, saw stupidly only Madame's face and her smile.

LILLIAN M. SWING.
Los Angeles, Calif.

PUBLISHERS SHOULD APOLOGIZE

I APPLAUD Cleveland Amory's powerful attack on the Misses Kilgallen, Montgomery, *et al.* But what really concerns me is the taste of the publishers themselves. I believe in freedom of the press, but I also believe that the publishers of the papers in which those columnists appear owed their readers a public apology.

MARGUERITE AUMANN.
Crestwood, N.Y.

A SEEING "I"

A SMALL-TIME female Fourth Estater myself, I am perturbed that evidently distinguished bylines find so little to write about in an event of some international importance, and do it with such appallingly bad manners. After all, the public is not blind to photographs and one need not be a seeing-eye . . . uh, well, a seeing eye. . .

JEAN MCCURDY BRODY.
Dunedin, Fla.

GOOD FEELING?

WHY DOES CLEVELAND AMORY want to pick on poor Dorothy Kilgallen and Ruth Montgomery for their ill-natured attack on Mrs. K? Dorothy and Ruth are a product of our culture, and so, to them, unless a woman is glamorous, she is an object of derision, even if the woman happens to be the First Lady of Russia. This is just the sort of thing which is guaranteed to engender good feelings between the two countries.

IRENE BENDE.
Northridge, Calif.

WHY REPEAT?

I THINK IT lacking in taste and certainly not conducive to international good will for Cleveland Amory to repeat the gross and unkind remarks of Kilgallen, *et al.*

HARRIET S. CHAPMAN.
Cleveland, Ohio

"Gosh, Myra, I don't know how to break it to you, but Captain Ulysses has just persuaded Circe to turn me back into a man."

REPLY FROM MR. A.

I AGREE WITH this reproof. Unfortunately, it seemed to me there was no other way to present the evidence other than quoting what they said. Also, many of our gossipists nowadays seem to be trading heavily on the hope that their victim will be, as the case may be, a lady or a gentleman and rise above it. I am tired of this trend and gratified that such an overwhelming number of *SR* readers seem to be also.

CLEVELAND AMORY.
New York, N.Y.

GIRDLES AND LIPSTICK

MRS. K. DEMONSTRATED so much more womanly grace in one smile or honest gesture than Miss K. will ever encompass, despite girdles, lipstick, or God-knows-what. Where lies the American woman's sense of values?

AL STRONG.
Brewerton, N.Y.

SENT TO THE PRESIDENT

IN THE FRAGILE hope that it may reach his desk, I have sent a copy of Cleveland Amory's column to President Eisenhower. Certainly the Russians have been guilty of intransigence, stubbornness, and myopia. Even Mr. K displayed embarrassing immaturity in Los Angeles; but it is unthinkable that any Russian writer would have been guilty of so flagrant a violation of basic decency.

EDELAINE HARBURG.
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

MORE MAIL FOR IKE

I CUT THE Editorial page in *SR* Sept. 19 and mailed to President Eisenhower, hoping it may give a lift over all the destructive comments.

RISE THAWLEY.
Philadelphia, Pa.

WEBSTER AND MRS. WORTMAN

I WISH THAT Doris Nash Wortman wouldn't be so original and use phrases that she "dreams up" instead of words that may be found in Webster's as Mrs. Kingsley used to do.

SUE KIMMELL.
Hollywood, Calif.

MUST READING

YOUR EDUCATIONAL issue [*SR*, Sept. 12] contains some of the most provocative essays that I have ever read on the current American educational controversy. This issue should be "must reading" for all teachers and administrators in our public schools. You and your contributors are to be congratulated for this positive and fresh point of view.

E. J. JOSEY.
Savannah State College
Savannah, Ga.

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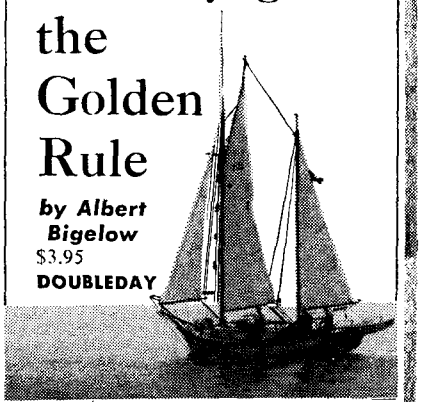

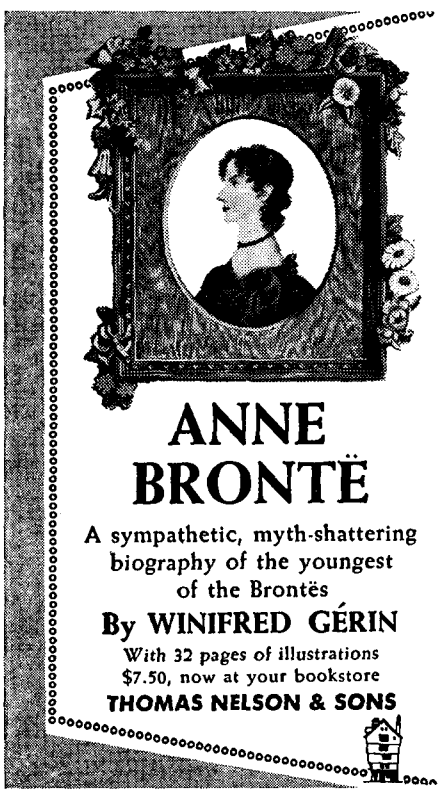

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Cosi" at City Center, Bakst in Town Hall

AS MOST who know it will agree, Mozart's "Così fan tutte" is not one, but two operas, neither simple to perform. One, of course, is made up of the ensembles which form the linking chain of the work: the other, of the arias which dot it like so many brilliants. At its current presentation in New York's City Center, the ensembles are faring better than the arias for all the obvious reasons—basic vocal ability of the performers, experience, and command of style.

Because they have been reared in a sound musical tradition and respect the composer—as represented by conductor Julius Rudel—Phyllis Curtin and Frances Bible (as the sisters), John Reardon and John Alexander (as the over-curious lovers), and James Pease (Alfonso) join voices with commendable unanimity. Add also Judith Raskin, who made her debut as Despina with the kind of clear, bright voice the part requires, and a promising aptitude for its soubrettish dramatics. Among them, the homecoming Pease (who has been singing in Hamburg, Covent Garden, and other European centers of the operatic art since he was last heard at City Center in 1953) was easily the most assured as plot-master and string-puller in this comedy of artifice and intrigue.

However, Mozart was writing for some of the more exceptional singers of his time, for whom he provided ample opportunity to display their unusual abilities in Dorabella's "Smanie implacibili," Fiordiligi's "Come scoglio," etc. Miss Bible delivered the first bravely, if with insufficient breadth of voice, and Miss Curtin waxed dramatic in the high range of her rather thin voice but plainly lacked the low tones required. A musical obligation elsewhere (see below) restricted further attention to this performance, but the musical currents were, by this time, pretty well charted. William Ball's staging, within a tastefully economic scenic design, was suitable enough, though the reason for preferring nonsinging supers on stage with the choral parts sung from the pit was not self-evident.

The use (slightly amended) of the excellent English translation made by Ruth and Thomas Martin for the Metropolitan's well-remembered production directed by Alfred Lunt, set up a pattern of aural reminiscences which might have been absent otherwise. On the credit side was a high level of intelligibility in the enunciation of the text, to which the friendly frame of the City Center made its own useful contribution. The audience reaction indicated that the verbal thrust and parry was unfamiliar to most of them, and they participated far more, no doubt, than they would have in a performance in Italian. The debit was in such a fast-moving piece as Despina's "In uomini," which, in English, tends to trip the tongue rather than trip from it.

By a curious coincidence there was a reverse visual image to the Steber-Thebom "sisters" of Metropolitan, with Miss Curtin as a brunette Fiordiligi to Miss Bible's blonde Dorabella. Complementing their good looks and trim figures were the similarly youthful Ferrando and Guglielmo, with Pease's Alfonso not quite the doddering cynic sometimes seen. In all, this "Cosi" makes its amusing points amusingly, its dramatic ones less well.

THE name of Bakst (which has significance in the realm of art) took on another connotation with the debut in Town Hall of Polish pianist Ryszard Bakst (a nephew of painter Leon) on the same Thursday evening. An exchange visitor in the program which finds American-trained Anton Kuerti now concertizing in Poland, Bakst played what comes naturally to Poles—an all-Chopin recital. Uprooted from Poland during the Nazi invasion, Bakst spent some of his formative years in Moscow, from whose conservatory he graduated in 1947.

These facts are mentioned only for the bearing they may have on his performance, which is unusually responsive to the spirit of the composer he prefers, a little less so to his letter. Bakst clearly has a superior conception of such a work as the B minor Sonata, and his objectives—in tempo, dynamics, and dramatic climaxes—are always ultimate ones. He does not temporize, neither does he turn away from the needs of tonal emphasis. Along with his emotional understanding goes more than a little erratic, unstable execution, which may be a phase or a basic flaw. But he plays some of his mazurkas (also the slow movement of the sonata) with a grace and directness which should earn him a hearing any-time he returns.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Nine O'Clock Scholars

I HAVE always had a distaste for people "being clever" onstage, because it seems to me that cleverness can never really be sustained for very long without drawing our attention to the enormous effort being expended to entertain us. But Michael Flanders and Donald Swann have solved the problem neatly in their delightful new two-man show, "At the drop of a hat." In it we are not conscious of two entertainers doing their stuff, but rather we meet some good company. That company consists of two personalities, each of whom reflects one person's adjustment to contemporary living, and each of whom grows on us during an all too brief exposure of two hours.

Mr. Flanders, the bearded man in the wheel chair, appears to be the sort of person who can get uproariously hot under the collar about the indignities a civilized urbanite must suffer. He takes most of the world's woe with amusing resignation ("Just ordinary water," he says as he quenches his thirst, "Enriched with Strontium-90.") But he draws a line around his small preserves, which he will defend teeth-grittedly to the death. One of these is the parking space in front of his Kensington flat, and another is a cherished hatred against all makers of car clocks.

This concern for the trivial is an excellent basis for comedy, but Mr. Flanders is more than a Victor Borge. He obviously feels very deeply about the big issues and several of the numbers contain disguised satire of the stagnant and uncivilized attitudes he abhors. "The Reluctant Cannibal" covers all reactionary hypocrisy, as a parent in a cannibalistic society tries to persuade his son to eat people with such arguments as "If we weren't meant to eat people, why are people made of meat?" And his sad little ballad about a clockwise honeysuckle and an anti-clockwise bindweed, whose marriage is prevented by the "think of the offshoot" argument, quietly dynamites the anti-miscegenationists.

Beyond these assets is the running irritation Mr. Flanders works up against his bespectacled partner, Mr. Swann. At the start of the evening, Mr. Swann seems like nothing more than a very square piano accompanist, much too correct, and a little too pleased with his own painstaking but unsophisticated contribution to the evening. Mr. Flanders keeps reminding the audience in confidential asides of his partner's irrepressible gaucheness. "He lives in Battersea," says Flanders contemptuously, "but he calls it South Chelsea." And when a pretty young "wardrobe mistress" comes onstage for a second, Mr. Flanders burns with rage at the lovelorn shine on Swann's face and openly dresses him down for returning from an interval offstage with "his glasses all fogged with passion."

But within his own corny character Mr. Swann can give a hilarious performance. At one point he is allowed to exhibit the absurd exhibitionism of a little man who feels superior because he has spent "*quinze jours*" in Paris. And he blithely serenades us with a song in un-understandable Greek, with the redoubled passion of a mediocre soloist who is momentarily one up on his audience and his partner.

The songs with words by Flanders and music by Swann, are all in that category known as "special material." My favorites are one which has fun with the spelling and pronouncing of "gnu" and related words, and "agnother" which ridicules songwriting methods. These songs are interlarded not only with Flanders's witty conversation but with two very funny monologues about how the "fong," "Greenfleeves," came to be composed, and about the fiercely unsatisfactory life of a Wimbledon official who hates tennis.

That grand old showman Alex Cohen has brought "At the drop of a hat" here from London, and mounted it with every bit of West End atmosphere he could borrow. Buskers perform outside the theatre, the tickets are in the form used on Shaftesbury Avenue (except that they are marked two pounds, nine shillings and threepence, instead of sixteen shillings), and waitresses serve tea at the interval. On the stage itself he has used a pre-show curtain of Picadilly, drawn by the incomparable Al Hirschfeld, which immediately brings to the intimate Golden Theatre the sort of friendly and stylish ambiance that makes theatregoing an event rather than a consumer service. This, plus an increased cheeriness which may have something to do with a nine o'clock curtain time that permits the audience to arrive without indigestion and frenzy, augurs well for the future of Mr. Cohen's "Nine O'Clock Theatre." And it is hard to imagine a better opening bill than this delightful pair, who are the ultimate in civilized entertainment. —HENRY HEWES.

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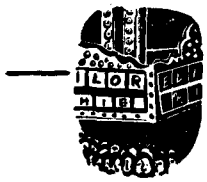


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

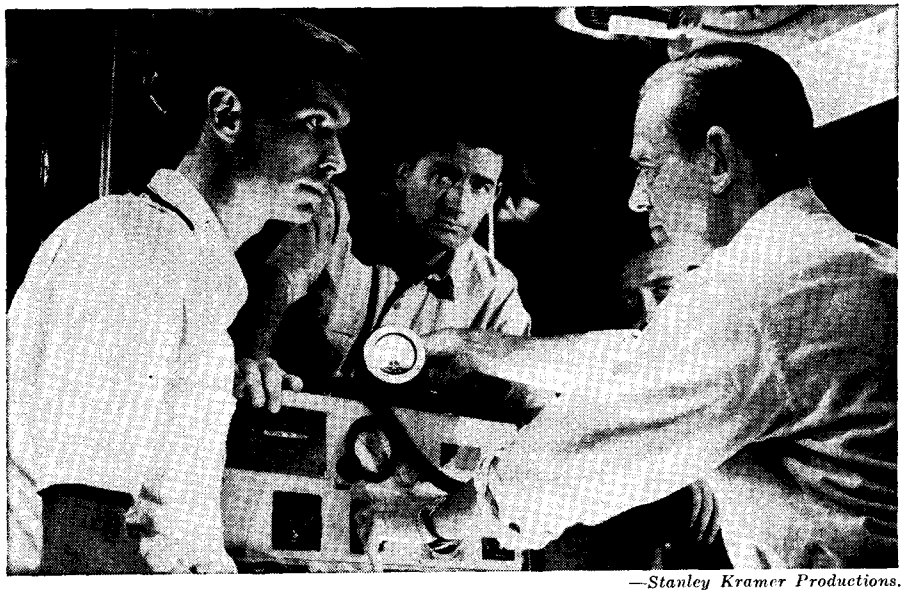
Not With a Bang or a Whimper

THERE HAS been a good deal of talk in recent years about the way American movies are growing up, which they are. But all too often the evidence cited suggests a confusion of adult with adultery, or implies that really mature people pepper their conversation with "hells" and "damns." It is true that our picture makers have been venturing into areas that, thanks to codes and censor boards, were conspicuously marked "off limits" until only a short time ago. But breaking taboos is not necessarily a mark of maturity. Part of growing up is facing up—facing up to the problems and issues of our times and our society. And in this Stanley Kramer stands alone among Hollywood producers today. In the past he has boldly tackled such subjects as racism, the paraplegic veteran, and prison reform. Now, in his latest film, **"On the Beach"** (United Artists), he trains his cameras on what is surely the most important question on earth—survival in the atomic age. And he gives an answer.

"On the Beach," of course, is based on Nevil Shute's sensational best-seller of a few years back. Shute dared to look ahead a few years to the time just after World War III when atomic bombs have already obliterated the Northern Hemisphere. No human, no animal, no insect has survived. And now the clouds of irradiated dust, carried by the prevailing winds, have entered the Southern Hemisphere, inching further southward with every passing day. Whole cities are swallowed in a milky, swirling fog that produces nausea, then sickness, then an agonized death. A strange calm settles over the world, or what is left of it, as the end draws near. Despite the ghastly evidence to the contrary, no one quite believes that it can happen to them. Desperately, they drive death from their minds, living out their days as if there will always be a tomorrow. But, inexorably, death comes.

Into this substructure, Shute planted a group of characters to react to the holocaust: a young Australian lieutenant commander, his wife and baby; an American submarine officer stranded in southern waters when the war ended; a loose-living, brandy-swilling beauty who drowns her compassion in alcohol; a youthful scientist all too aware of the role of science in preparing the destruction of his world. For a locale, Shute chose Melbourne, the southernmost large city on the globe. Even as his story opens, it is a city already half dead. Its curbs are lined with abandoned cars; all of Australia's oil had been imported from North America. The horse, and even the bullock, is back as means of transportation.

But there is still hope. A wireless signal is picked up from somewhere along the west coast of the United States—a weird, indecipherable message, but nevertheless a sign of life. And several scientists maintain that heavy rains in the Northern Hemisphere may well have damped down the irradiated dust, reducing the hazard. The American submarine, nuclear-powered, is dispatched to investigate both these possibilities, with the American officer, the Australian naval attaché, and the skeptical scientist aboard. But cautious probing as far north as Alaska reveals that the degree of radiation is as high as ever, and a science-fiction investigation into the source of the strange, garbled messages reveals — nothing. There is a brief, pastorale interlude back in Melbourne where the American officer and the Australian beauty consummate a romance begun in the early chapters, a hair-raising auto race, domestic difficulties for the young lieutenant commander, and then the end.



—*Stanley Kramer Productions.*

Anthony Perkins, Gregory Peck, and Fred Astaire in the submarine sequence.

IT is not too much to say that at every point where Mr. Kramer, and his skilled scriptwriter, John Paxton, have touched up Nevil Shute's storyline, they have improved upon it. In the book, the submarine makes three sorties; for film purposes, these have been consolidated into one; and that one trip gains in impressiveness thereby. The book's youthful scientist is older (aged into Fred Astaire, in fact), and what often seems like callow ranting in Shute becomes bitter wisdom on the screen. More fundamentally, Shute's explanation of what brought on World War III has been tossed out completely in favor of Albert Schweitzer's formulation that "some second lieutenant somewhere . . ." And the stiff-upper-lip pessimism that underlines so much of Shute's writing has been supplanted by a note of urgency and hope. "There is Still Time, Brother," reads the banner over a prayer meeting as the dust clouds draw nearer to Melborne. "There Is Still Time, Brother"—the banner flaps in the wind above an emptied square as the white fog takes over and the film comes to a close. It is at once a reminder and a warning, giving meaning to the entire story.

This sense of significance, of social purpose, is apparent in every phase of Mr. Kramer's production. It was present, of course, when he bought the book in the first place. How many producers would risk a property in which it is clear from the very outset that everyone must die? How many producers would risk a property which, to use the formulation of the Legion of Decency, features "suicide in the plot solution"—and not merely one suicide but many? Hollywood loves the sensational, but shuns the controversial and depressing. Kramer boldly took a book that was all of these, and lifted it beyond controversy (the Legion has apparently agreed to ignore the little red pills that produce drowsiness, then euphoria, then death, issued free by a merciful government to anyone who wants them once the dust clouds have arrived); and he has altered its mood from depression to determination—the determination of every

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sane, thinking man to find some way to save our civilization from the total destruction that is even now being stockpiled all over the world. Not coincidentally, Kramer has arranged for the simultaneous release of "On the Beach" in eighteen world capitals in mid-December. He still hopes to include Moscow and Warsaw. It can only do good.

This same awareness of his theme's importance also influenced Kramer's budgeting and casting. Although his reputation stems from relatively inexpensive pictures featuring relatively unknown players, he gambled the works on this one—a budget of well over $4,000,000, and such costly stars as Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire, and Anthony Perkins. But where most producers of an expensive picture would have used these names as insurance, casting them in safe, scintillating roles, Kramer has sought to create additional excitement by casting against type. Ava Gardner, for the first time in her career, is downright unglamorous as a woman who has lived too hard and drunk too much. And Astaire, as the scientist, neither sings a note nor dances a step. For both of them, however, this picture would seem to open up new careers. Miss Gardner reveals depths hitherto unsuspected, while Astaire's work is not only reminiscent of but compares favorably to an Alec Guinness performance.

Stanley Kramer, a compact, lean-faced man in his mid-forties, likes to speak of each new production as "his dream." One of the first of the generation of independent producers that has sprung up in Hollywood since the war, he learned the hard way that independence in itself is not enough. After his initial success with such controversial pictures as "Champion," "Home of the Brave," and "The Men" at United Artists, Kramer was invited to move his unit to Columbia and swing into high gear. He did—with lamentable results. Working at top speed, supervising several pictures simultaneously, he managed to turn out in quick succession a number of movies that looked exactly like everybody else's. They were serious, topical, carefully made, but lacking the individuality that would lift them above the ordinary. On the expiration of his contract, he returned to United Artists determined to make one film at a time. Further, he decided to direct his own pictures. Only in this way, as he put it, could he "protect his dream."

His first dreams at U.A. were, quite bluntly, strictly commercial. "Not as a Stranger" and "Pride and the Passion" added no luster to his name—although they undoubtedly aided his credit rating at the banks. ("Stranger" was one of the most successful pictures U.A. ever released, oddly enough.) But with last year's "Defiant Ones," Kramer returned to the kind of film-making he does best and understands best, the tight melodrama with a social orientation. In "The Defiant Ones" he had a dream worth the dreaming. It also revealed giant strides in his directorial abilities.

As a piece of film-making, "On the Beach" stands somewhere between "Defiant Ones" and "Not as a Stranger." The all-star cast caught up in conversations is simply not his dish, no matter how meaningful those conversations may be. And although in the main Kramer works well with actors, he was unable to galvanize Peck, or to de-mannerize young Perkins, or to make his new discovery, Donna Anderson, seem like anything more than another pretty face and shapely body. As a result, the earlier, land-locked passages in the film are heavy with the sense of actors acting. But once the *Sawfish* casts anchor, once we move beneath the seas to explore a devastated, lifeless world, the screen begins to tingle with excitement. Scenes within the cramped submarine are staged with complete authority. The familiar business of "up periscope" becomes charged with anticipation when we know that what we will see through that periscope is the world after the bomb. And the reactions of the crew of the *Sawfish* to the sight of a still and emptied San Francisco, accented by a despairing "ping" as the periscope guide-bars are snapped close, provide perhaps the most genuinely moving moments in the film—followed a few seconds later by an unforgettable shot of a San Franciscan who jumps ship in order to die at home. The man, already a victim of radiation poisoning, is fishing from a boat in the harbor as the conning tower of the *Sawfish* disappears into the mists of the bay. He follows it with his eyes, and on his face is written all the wistfulness, the regret, and the sudden enormity of the realization that this world will be no more.

Back in Melbourne, armed now with the certainty that there is no escape, the people prepare to spend their last days. Some pray, others go camping or fishing, others make love. For Julian, the scientist, it is a time to realize a long-smothered ambition. He has acquired a racing car, a Ferrari, and he enters it in the most furious auto race ever staged, a race in which every driver would sooner die than lose since life no longer matters anyway. As the miles fly by, one car shoots off the concrete ribbon in flames, another soars off an embankment and crashes to earth a twisted mass. Cars pile into each other, two or three at a time, their tires screeching, the air black with smoke. It is the apotheosis of all auto races, with the self-destructive impulse of the drivers at last matching the death-wish of the spectators. And Kramer's staging of it is masterful.

For all its virtues of ideology and execution, however, there are still some curious lapses in "On the Beach." One wonders, for example, at the complete absence of corpses, both in the periscope survey of San Francisco and, later, in the exploration of a San Diego power plant for the source of the mysterious messages. To be sure, a line of dialogue informs us that people would rather die in their own homes—but did *everyone make it?* (Nevil Shute is not so reticent on this point.) And although it is difficult to imagine just how ordinary folks would react to the knowledge of certain death in the very near future, it is equally difficult to believe that they all would remain as calm and self-possessed as the people seen here. Not only the principals, but the men in the street, the clubs, the offices, and trains who are also shown. There is no looting, no licentiousness, no desperate last-chance fling. The stores remain open, the streetcars run, the men on the ships report for duty. It all seems a bit too perfect.

But these are minor details in a film that aims at something big, and emerges as something tremendous. "This is the way the world ends," sang T. S. Eliot in the poem from which Nevil Shute drew his title: "This is the way the world ends/Not with a bang but a whimper." Stanley Kramer has done away with the whimpering. Faced with an alternative so graphically drawn, the world can only strive harder for peace, supporting and implementing all those agencies and organizations that are working today to avert the holocaust of "On the Beach." The date of that holocaust, by the way, is 1964. We don't have too much time, brother.

In this connection, it is appropriate to note that the United Nations feature, "Power Among Men," reviewed in SR on April 18, has just been placed in commercial distribution by the Louis de Rochemont organization. It opened last week in Boston. If I may quote from my earlier review, "Power Among Men" not only gives hope, "but *reason* to hope that the arts, the sciences, and the cultures that have been building for thousands of years will not vanish in the mushroom cloud that fills our waking nightmares today." The film, presenting graphically the peacetime potentials of atomic power, should be required, supplementary reading with every showing of the Stanley Kramer picture. —Arthur Knight.

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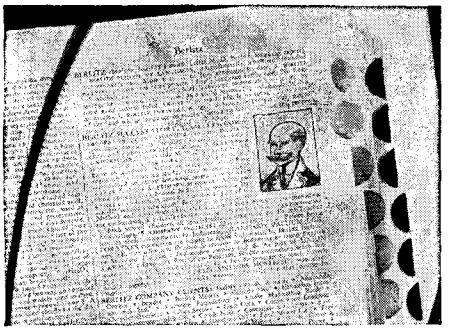

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TV AND RADIO

What Made Schulberg Change?

BUDD SCHULBERG never gave us a satisfactory answer to his question, "What Makes Sammy Run?," in his perceptive novel of Hollywood's film world, *circa* 1940 B.T. (before television). He did suggest, in his probings, that Sammy Glick's power drive was the result of an ugly, culture-conflict childhood on New York City's immigrant, lower East Side. The theory of environment-as-cause always fails to explain how contemporaries, struggling with comparable situations, grow into ordinary *schlemiels* or *nebishes* instead of heels. Nonetheless arresting and memorable for its failure to solve an unsolvable mystery, the story, in its recent two-part television adaptation on NBC's new "Sunday Showcase," raised a second question: what should be our attitude towards, our moral judgment of Sammy, the cruel, dynamic, successful runner? This question becomes interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Schulberg himself wrote the television adaptation of his book, in collaboration with his brother, Stuart. Eighteen years after the novel was first published, the author seems to have changed his mind about his protagonist—even about Al Mannheim, the writer-with-integrity who reports on Sammy's id-fissioned rise from copy boy to Mr. In-Charge-of-Production, World-Wide Studios.

The TV play, directed by Delbert Mann with excellent taste and with his customary emphasis on character and situation rather than on garrulous, eccentric, and pseudo-dramatic camera, highlighted absorbingly Glick's utterly amoral, manipulative relations with family, friends, and working associates. But with the author's help Larry Blyden, who played Sammy with force and considerable insight, humanized him. For all his villainy, Sammy seemed to be carrying a load of guilt and even shame. When he heard that his studio boss, whom he had double-crossed out of his job, had killed himself, Sammy appeared to face conscience and to cringe. When he discovered his carriage-trade wife's contemptuous adultery, he suffered. The two events, juxtaposed on the same evening in the TV play (separated in the book), evoked a cumulative sympathy for Sammy; when he sat at the top of the steps of his Hollywood mansion and broke into tears, it was difficult to avoid feeling compassion. Eighteen years ago, when Sammy cried in the novel's final page, Schulberg saw his features as ugly and distorted. In the final TV scene (not in the book), an assured Sammy, powerful and busy at his desk, answers Mannheim's oft-repeated question, "What makes you run?," with a sarcastic, "I'll answer that when you tell me what makes people run after me."

Observe the change wrought in Mannheim, too, by the passing of a generation. In 1940, Pearl Harbor-eve in history, he thinks he understands, but uncompromisingly condemns, the Sammy Glicks of "a way of life . . . paying dividends in America in the first half of the twentieth century." In 1959, Mannheim (John Forsythe) is a rather sorry figure who despises Hollywood but works for it, who has failed to write the great play he's always talking about, who drowns his frustrations in alcohol, and who misses his big chance to tell an industry banquet in honor of Sammy Glick what a rat Glick is.

Does Sammy get his comeuppance in the TV play? The adapters' accent is on his invulnerability, not on the success disease "slowly eating him away." Sammy seems to top them all; even the gifted writer, Kit Sargent (Barbara Rush), his former girl friend, now Mannheim's wife, is at the end reduced in stature to shoring up her muttering, ineffectual husband. Whose is the tragedy? Many of the novel's contemporary references had to be topically refreshed in the adaptation. Sammy's family background was euphemized, the Screen Writers' Guild politics of the period subdued to a murmur, the love story romanticized. All this was inevitable for TV, and left the second part of the drama somewhat confused without robbing Sammy's vivid upward frenzy, in part one, of its still powerful impact.

Is Schulberg commenting, through Mannheim, on writers whose idealism was only a heady pre-World War Two phenomenon? Does he consider Sammy not so reprehensible now? In the contemporary scene of weird political montage, where Mr. K. rubs elbows in Hollywood with Frank Sinatra, the value judgments of so searching and honest a writer as Budd Schulberg are important as a weather vane of liberal conscience. "What Makes Sammy Run?" was first-rate, serious drama on TV—the best since Rod Serling's "Patterns." But what made Schulberg change?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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FICTION

In Front of Reason He Waves a Red Cape

Vladimir Nabokov has been writing novels, poetry, criticism for many years, but it was not until the publication last year of "Lolita" that he came to the attention of the reading public-at-large. Now his earlier books, either long out of print or originally written in Russian, have been made available. The publication of "Invitation to a Beheading," written twenty-nine years ago and only now translated into English provides the opportunity for literary critic and lecturer Virgilia Peterson, the well-known radio commentator on books and authors, to review the unique world of Vladimir Nabokov.

By VIRGILIA PETERSON

WITH characteristic glee, Vladimir Nabokov complains, in his preface to **"Invitation to a Beheading"** (Putnams, $3.95)—a tale first written in Russian in 1935 and now translated into English by Nabokov himself, together with his son—that he has been compared as a writer to "Gogol, Tolstoievski [sic], Joyce, Voltaire, de Sade, Stendhal, Balzac, Byron, Beerbohm, Proust, Kleist, Matar Marinski, Mary McCarthy, Meredith [!], Cervantes, Charlie Chaplin, Baroness Murasaki, Pushkin, Ruskin, and even Sebastian Knight" (the latter a writer whom Nabokov invented). In the light of his mockery, not of the august assemblage of suggested tutelary divinities but of the critics who claim to have discovered the influence of these deities on him, it behooves anyone henceforward attempting to impale the many-splendored wings of Nabokov's literary butterfly to compare him only to himself. Nor should this be too difficult, since in fact Nabokov is so entirely *sui generis* as to be incomparable.

If it were possible to lift from their various contexts and put together in one book all the seemingly parenthetical yet intensely relevant soundings of literary values that dot Nabokov's own pages, they would constitute a classic text for critics. In "Nicolai Gogol," the book in which he passionately defends Gogol as the foremost poet and fantast of Russian literature, he writes, "I have a lasting grudge against those who like their fiction to be educational, or uplifting or national, or as healthy as maple syrup and olive oil."

Nabokov need not be afraid, however, that these strictures are applicable in any conventional sense to him. He is "national" only in his evocation of a wildwood of firs or a floating island of water lilies recalled from the Russian landscape of his childhood; "educational," only in the scientific exactitude with which he describes the moths and butterflies he has been netting all his life, in the arrows of sarcasm with which he unfailingly bursts the balloon of human pretensions, and, of course, in his phenomenal (indeed, almost too phenomenal) range and use of the English language itself; he is "uplifting" only in the almost casual levitation by which, floating away from and above what we take for reality, he carries us up at his side. If he allows a certain sweetness, a certain sheen to appear in his literary texture, he manages so to imbed them in his jibes, his jokes, and his gall that they are no more than the deliberately precious jewel in the toad's head.

The time sequence in which Nabokov's books have appeared in English has little to do with his own private chronology. Long before "Lolita," there appeared the macabre and bitter "Laughter in the Dark," in whose sixteen-year-old heroine some have seen the foreshadowing of the unutterably besmirched Lolita herself. "Conclusive Evidence" was a tender evocation of his vanished home and family, while his stories collected under the title of "Pnin" told of a Russian refugee professor, Timofey Pnin, an unsentimental yet memorably vulnerable, figure who who puts to shame the two-dimensional Mr. Chippses and Miss Doves, and the stereotyped, absent-minded professors in contemporary fiction.

Vladimir Nabokov in 1938—"Tolstoievski?"

But since the appearance of "Lolita," and for this at least we must be grateful to it, there have reappeared several works which Nabokov wrote some time ago. There are the stories, peopled with faithless women, innocent poets, society rascals, nostalgic governesses, and mealy-mouthed bureaucrats, collected in the volume called "Nabokov's Dozen"; there is the little book of "Poems"; and now, this fall, there have appeared "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight," a reprint after twenty years of Nabokov's first book in English, which is at once a brilliant spoof of the art of biography and a beautifully tender example of that art, and "Invitation to a Beheading," originally written under the pen name of Sirin.

The man to whose beheading Nabokov invites us is a tiny, highly sentient figment of the author's imagination, with the stylized name of Cincinnatus. Not only at first sight but throughout the painful slice of his life that this book comprises, Cincinnatus seems to live in a picture-postcard, fortress-dominated town of a never-never land, in a never-never period of time when airplanes have become as obsolete as dinosaurs. He lives among people who, despite recognizable features and manners, are as improbable as only the people reflected in Nabokov's sometimes convex and sometimes concave mirrors can be. No one else in this seemingly unreal world is alive except Cincinnatus, and he is condemned to die for the crime of opacity, of being alone impenetrable when all the rest can be seen through by one another. Conceived and growing up, as it were, by accident, Cincinnatus, though he has tried his best to feign translucence, has always somehow betrayed himself to his contemporaries. Shunned in school and later in the doll-factory where he works, he is favored only by a velvet-skinned, coarse-mouthed maiden named Marthe, who, once she has married him, deceives him with touching and candid

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regularity, and who, when the tide of opinion finally rises against him, helps to turn him in. Cincinnatus knows his crime, knows his sentence. What he does not know is which day, which hour, it will be carried out. From time to time his body trembles, but since, as he says, "a rider is not responsible for the shivering of his horse," he acknowledges his dread only to himself.

Today's shelves are stacked high with stories of trial, imprisonment, and sentence, but—on the face of it—these stories mention no such cuckoo court, no such monkey of a jailer, no such vainglorious prison director, no such coy executioner, no such cell, nor any such horrible little wife as Marthe. Yet this is the world, Nabokov hints, which we take for real, while the inner world of Cincinnatus, who can escape into real reality, we can neither see nor understand.

Nabokov's world is composed of reflections, whether in the mirror of another pair of eyes or in the multiple-faceted, constantly refracting complex imagination inside his head. No other writer reveals a greater contempt for sham, a more sophisticated insight into human foibles, a more convincing air of disillusion than Nabokov. At the same time, Nabokov reveals himself, whether consciously or unconsciously, as a wounded, but stubbornly persistent lover of life. "Great literature," he says in his study of Gogol, "skirts the irrational." By this definition, his constant waving of the red cape in the face of reason without ever allowing himself to be gored, makes him, if not an Olympian, at least a master of his trade.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 853

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 853 will be found in the next issue.

R LRGAQTBC HQNQC
EXSKQ WQKZ BNQC
KAQ SFQR KARK AQ
SZ R KASHW BP
LQRXKM RHF R LBM
PBCQNQC.
—QTQRHBC CBOTRHF.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 852

The audience strummed their catarrhs.

—Woollcott.

The Soul's Civil War

***"Dear Beast," by Nancy Hale** (Little, Brown. 327 pp. $4), tells about a Yankee lady in a Southern town and the events that occur when she becomes a celebrated author. Babs H. Deal's novel of Southern life is entitled "Acres of Afternoon."*

By Babs H. Deal

NANCY HALE'S new novel, as delightful as its title, is a charming, witty view of the South through the eyes of a lady from Vermont, and a charming, witty view of the lady from Vermont through the eyes of Miss Hale. "Dear Beast," the story of Abby Daniel, the wife of Boogher, the eternal University of Virginia alumnus, and an anonymous novelist, is that unusual book in modern letters, satire with love. It sparkles with the deft, shining subtleties we have come to expect from Miss Hale's shorter pieces.

Whether she is describing the contents of the china cabinet in the town house of Mrs. B. D. Starkey, dean of Starkeyville's Southern ladies, or the magazine-picture neatness of the renovated plantation, Azalea, her eye is true. Her ear is as accurate as her eye. The luncheon conversations of Starkeyville, the asinine breakfast-table cheer of Boogher, the remarks Starkeyville finds appropriate to make to a lady writer are equaled only by the cocktail-party chatter encountered by Abby when she makes her desperate escape to New York. The juxtaposition of the Southern talk about kin and horses with the New York talk of celebrities and analysts is perfect—and telling.

It is good to see Miss Hale's gift for characterization displayed in a longer work again. Even the minor characters are ingeniously drawn. I know of no portrait of a Southern belle that can come close to Amelie Nash. The sequence in which she converses with Abby is a masterpiece of the non sequitur.

But "Dear Beast" is more than a charming book. In the resolution of Abby's quarrel with the town of Starkeyville Miss Hale has a lot to say about human emotions. The need for recognition, the envy the superior feel for the ease with which the inferior face life, the constant struggle between the undefiled self and the ego's desire for involvement: these have been important in Miss Hale's work from Leda March to the little girl searching for the Empress's ring in the sandpile. With the conflicts of Abby Daniel these emotions are given a new and engaging life.

Nancy Hale—Sparkles with subtleties.

When Abby sees that Southern chivalry and Vermont cussedness are one and the same in the human scheme of things she has come a long way toward recognizing herself—and the human spirit which, longing always to live happily ever after, is trapped forever by the dear beast of self.

A PAIR OF TENS: Pelham Grenville Wodehouse was twenty-one when he published his first novel. That was in 1902. His inspiration has never flagged and his new novel is number 1,096, or else I'm confusing it with the date of the First Crusade. No matter. It too now takes its place in history, another date, another number in the ledger of Mr. Wodehouse's delightful accounting.

I do not mean to imply that save for chronology Mr. Wodehouse's books are indistinguishable. They are not. Among all the ingenious plots, the simpering heroines, the chunkhead heroes, and the frightening aunts, important differences do exist. I'm almost sure of that. But there are so many books that all the devious plots, all the Freddies, the Janes, and Aunt Agathas live together in one hilarious but vague recollection.

"French Leave" (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is the story of two attractive young American girl chicken-farmers who, coming unexpectedly into a little money, decide to splurge it in Europe. To make their money last, they plan to act as each other's maid, a month at a time; thus they invest in only one expensive wardrobe. Happily they are both size ten. This should lead to all sorts of delightful Wodehouseian complications, except that Mr. Wodehouse soon tires of one sister and ships her back to New York, after which she is not heard from again.

Well, the story element in Wode-

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house is never very important. It is the plot and the uproarious characters that count. It would be nice to say that Mr. Wodehouse, in "French Leave" has outdone himself, or even that he has come up to scratch. But that wouldn't be fair to "The Luck of the Bodkins," "Summer Moonshine," or "A Damsel in Distress," three titles that I can recall to laugh at but whose details are hazy. In "French Leave" there is too much farce: bachelors are trapped most innocently in the bedrooms of virgins, mistaken identities are as frequent as coincidence, and naïve misunderstandings vie with slapstick. It can't help but take a lot away from the characters, who get pushed around more than they push.

If there is anyone reading who hasn't read Wodehouse, don't be discouraged if this newest disappoints you. Few of the many others will.—HUBERT SAAL.

DAY OF THE WELL-DOER: Eugene Zamiatin's novel, **"We,"** translated by Gregory Zilboorg (Dutton Everyman, $1.45), written in 1920, reads a little like "Brave New World," and still more like "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Most of all, it reads like history. It is a creepily accurate picture of the psychology of totalitarianism.

Eugene Zamiatin, an enthusiastic supporter of the Russian Revolution, came up against the nature of the new society when he tried to get "We" published in Russia. His attempts were unsuccessful, but the book was brought out abroad in various languages. The author finally went into exile in Paris, where he died during the 1930s.

The reissue of "We" does belated justice to one of the most gifted and incisive creators of that distinctively modern genre, the "inverted utopia." In the far distant future of Zamiatin's novel, each citizen wears a numbered badge. The ruler is a kind of Big Brother called the Well-Doer. He is re-elected on the Day of Unanimity. Disloyal thoughts are punished as sacrilege. The city in which the story takes place is surrounded by a vast wall of glass to exclude the untidy wilderness and the hairy men and women who still lurk there in a state of primitive freedom.

The plot concerns an engineer—has invented the first spaceship. He soon becomes involved with an underground movement which is allied with the primitives outside the glass wall. The movement almost succeeds. But at the last minute the government scientists achieve a breakthrough. They discover a way to end human restlessness. Happiness descends like a long night.

"We" has not aged. Zamiatin somehow captured the essence of the totalitarian spirit and gave it permanent literary form. —CHAD WALSH.

Book in the News

By George E. Herman

Haakon Chevalier

HAAKON CHEVALIER, one of the principal figures in the U. S. Government's case against Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, has written a novel, **"The Man Who Would Be God"** (Putnams, $4.95). He calls it a work of imagination with a confessed point of departure in reality.

The reality has puzzled the American people for five years. In 1943 Dr. Oppenheimer told security officers that overtures had been made to three of his scientists on the atomic bomb project, indirect approaches seeking information for the Soviet Union. He steadfastly refused to give security officers the names of the three scientists who had been contacted. He said they were innocent victims, guilty of no wrong, and that he felt it his duty to protect them from security probes. Later on, and most clearly in his testimony before the Atomic Energy Commission's investigators, the Gray Board, he said this story of three scientists was an edifice of lies. He said there had been no three scientists, that he had invented the entire story out of empty air to protect a close friend, whose name he reluctantly gave under pressure as Haakon Chevalier. Chevalier, said Oppenheimer, had innocently relayed to him an approach by a Russian-born scientist who was looking for information to pass on to the Russian consulate.

For days the members of the Gray Board tracked laboriously through the labyrinth of conflicting stories told by Oppenheimer at different times to different interrogators. And finally the board confessed that it still was not sure which account was correct.

By coincidence or otherwise, the theme of Mr. Chevalier's explosive novel is concerned with episodes that bear a remarkable similarity to the events just described. As such, the book is bound to make important news. He pictures his protagonist, Dr. Sebastian Bloch, as an intensely believing Communist. His other important character is Mark Ampter, a secret agent who begins by investigating the gifted scientist and ends up embracing his friendship and much of his left-wing politics.

The avowed purpose of this book is the exploration of Dr. Bloch's mind. On the cover Chevalier calls him a man who would be God. And a jacket blurb speaks of overwhelming arrogance, measureless ambition, a daring plan to save humanity singlehanded from its own compulsions. But the man portrayed inside the book resembles no god from the Christian or Judaic theology. If anything he is the Wotan of the "Ring of the Niebelungen," a powerful but very human deity, whose godlike powers are constantly more and more circumscribed by the compacts into which he is forced to enter. It is no accident that the bomb center of this novel is named after Valhalla, which was built with the help of the dense but powerful earth-giants. Mr. Chevalier's theme appears to be that his scientist-leader could build his Valhalla, reach for his mysterious and powerful Ring, only through an increasingly devitalizing series of surrenders to the lesser beings of his cosmos.

It is an impressive and heroic plan for a novel. But the book does not measure up to the plan. Mr. Chevalier has a reputation as a worthy translator of great French writings into English. But thrown on his own creative merits he stumbles like a talented actor without a script. He has the verbal tools of the trade. But he has no clear and forceful organization, no sustained use of words to build moods, no deep feeling for people or events.

Nevertheless, from the material heaped up in this novel (ten years in the writing), from the mass of incidents, from the numerous quotations (some of them clearly translated from the published testimony of the case), a picture emerges of the storm within this man of science. Chevalier does not understand science or scientists. What he does achieve is a rude, powerful charcoal sketch of the brilliant Dr. Bloch, who has one all-encompassing compulsion: to play a role, a major role in the greatest scientific undertaking of his era. Bloch cannot allow himself to be left out, no matter what the eventual costs. This is the compulsion which forces him to make compacts with the Niebelungs, and the giants in positions of power but not intellect. The acid of this compulsion burns away finally everything else he once valued: political ideals, friends, love, faith in the human race, even self-respect.

The main fault of this book is that, as a novel, it is not easy reading. And as history, readers will perpetually wonder what is creation, what is depiction. *(George E. Herman covered the Oppenheimer case as CBS correspondent.)*

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Lost Horizon for Democracy

"Silent War in Tibet," by Lowell Thomas, Jr. *(Doubleday, 284 pp. $3.95), reports on the economic, political, and military situation in Tibet leading to the recent flight of the Dalai Lama to India. Hans Guggenheim has recently traveled in the region of Tibet on an assignment for* Life *magazine and is a friend of the Dalai Lama and some of his closest advisors. He is an artist and writer.*

By Hans Guggenheim

THE NORTHERN border of India has been sufficiently secure in the past not only because of the Himalayan mountain range but because no organized military state has existed in Tibet. The Dalai Lama's recent announcement that Lhasa could be called a Chinese city has changed this situation, and the massed might of Red China's armies on the Tibetan high plateau now presents a very real threat to India and the free world.

Lowell Thomas, Jr., in his well-documented report "Silent War in Tibet," describes in detail the systematic destruction of the Tibetan peoples by the Chinese Red Army and the Tibetans' replacement in their own country by millions of forced Chinese settlers. The heroic resistance of the Tibetans to the vastly superior Red Army, their struggle to preserve their religion, their customs, and their ethnic existence constitutes the silent war—silent because the West did not choose to listen until it was too late. Lowell Thomas, Jr., who went to Tibet in 1949 with his father, the well-known world traveler, breaks the silence. He writes with respect and sensitivity for the values of a culture foreign to the Western mind, without making an appeal to the quaint or picturesque. This is no travelogue; this is serious reporting, written with skill and insight. Without moralizing, Thomas raises the moral question inherent in the West's refusal to come to the help of the Tibetans.

The book traces the history of Tibet through centuries of Chinese intervention in its affairs, leading to the 1906 convention, in which Britain recognized Chinese suzerainty over Tibet. Although reversed in 1913 in favor of complete Tibetan independence, this treaty has served as a basis for Chinese claims on Tibet ever since. In 1949 when the Communists took control of China, the Tibetans started to cast about for help from outside. One step they took was to issue a travel permit to the Thomases, allowing them to visit Tibet in the hopes of thereby arousing American interest.

When Peiping announced the forthcoming liberation of Tibet by the Chinese army in 1950, the Tibetans tried frantically to arm themselves to resist aggression. In the free world, however, it was generally believed that the Tibetan fear was unfounded; this optimism was based on the belief that Tibet's territory was impregnable. In October, 1951, the Reds struck and with enormous strength started their invasion against the ferocious resistance of the Tibetan army, which again went unrecognized in the free world press. The young Dalai Lama was taken to Yatung by his advisors, for safety, while his government appealed to the U.N. for help. This attempt failed, and the Tibetan government was forced into an agreement which placed their country firmly under the Communist yoke.

SHORTLY after the agreement was signed, the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa from Yatung, and shortly thereafter thousands of Chinese troops entered the city. Mr. Thomas gives us a deeply moving description of this invasion of the holy city. He then quotes a Tibetan proverb: "Beware of honey on the knife." The Chinese started their occupation by building up a huge propaganda machine, making liberal gifts of money to the monks, large payments to the merchants, and high wages to the workers. At the outset even the soldiers behaved properly, in part because they were subject to the cruel, still medieval Tibetan laws.

Soon the honey was gone and the knife appeared. Thomas shows how the Chinese troops exhausted the scant Tibetan food supply, how they bought up the precious dung walls needed by the peasants as fertilizer, for fuel, and how prices rose to inflationary heights. The farmers were alienated when a seed-loan program, using seed that was thirty to forty years old, resulted in barren fields. The merchants, first stimulated to expand their trade, were later forced out of business by newly established government agencies. Workers, first liberally paid, were soon conscripted into service next to imported Chinese labor battalions to work on the new military roads the Chinese were constructing with frantic haste.

For the Tibetans, however, other things were worse. Twenty thousand of their children were lured away through a youth movement to be educated in China away from their old traditions and religion. And finally, worst of all from the Tibetan point of view, the Chinese began to interfere with the religious traditions themselves.

The Chinese-made Panchen Lama was imposed on the resentful people, the power of the monasteries was restricted, and the beloved Dalai Lama was forced to go to Peiping, where he

—Lowell Thomas, Jr.

Lowell Thomas, Sr. (l.) and Dalai Lama (fourth from left) outside the throne room.

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was given the Red carpet treatment in a vain attempt to convert him to Marxo-Buddhism. The description of these events is not only stirring but also seems extremely well-informed. On the occasion of the Dalai Lama's visit to New Delhi in 1956, a private conversation took place between him and the Indian Prime Minister. Mr. Thomas, though not present, describes the scene with great accuracy, for which I can vouch in this instance.

Although Mr. Thomas confines himself to the Tibetan situation, he presents such a complete picture of the political, economic, and military measures of this ten-year war that anyone interested not only in Tibet and China but in contemporary Asian affairs, will find this a valuable book.

Report from a Modern Malthusian

***"Too Many Asians," by John Robbins** (Doubleday. 214 pp. $3.95), asserts that the peoples of the populous East are "breeding massive difficulties for themselves" and looks for a solution in planned parenthood. Frank N. Trager is acting director of the Center for International Affairs and Development. Former Point Four director in Burma, he has had brief assignments in India and Japan. He revisited Southeast Asia in 1956 and 1958.*

By Frank N. Trager

THE TITLE of the book is obviously meant to be provocative. The jacket blurb more accurately reflects the author's distress. An earnest journalist who had the opportunity for first-hand observation while holding an Ogden Reid fellowship, Mr. Robbins is a spokesman for the now popular group of neo-Malthusians who expect that the dire predictions of the dour nineteenth-century British clergyman may come to pass because of the rapid growth of population, especially in Asia. He is sympathetically concerned about India; is worried by the real dangers centering in the aggressiveness of the most populous country in the world, Communist China; believes that Japan appears to be approaching some measure of institutional control over its so-called population explosion. He is less at ease with and therefore tends to ignore the issues raised by mainland Southeast Asia (Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam), because these countries do not fit his or the neo-Malthusian thesis. His references to Indonesia—primarily Java—are a little less thin, but still superficial.

The spirit of the book is on the side of the angels. The author would have the West "take effective action to promote the economic development of Free Asia," especially for the "key country—India." He would have us help educate Asians to the dangers of their "breeding massive difficulties for themselves" while searching for *the* scientific solution for planning parenthood.

All this by now is fairly standard stuff. Robbins provides one more tract in this genre, simply written—at times, almost like a primer.

But obviously the author has not treated, if he has considered, alternative theory—even for India, which really serves as his major model. It could be argued that the great Gangetic Plain of India can be made to respond, far beyond present agricultural output, to scientific farming and water control; that India can become one of the two main *industrial* trading partners (Japan is the other) for the relatively underpopulated, food-exporting mainland of Southeast Asia; and that Indonesia, if it ever rationalizes its productive capacity in relation to its people and resources is one of the great potentials in the world. Much more of this, which cannot be argued in so short a review, does not appear in this book.

Of equal seriousness is the fact that the book is marred by extravagances and errors. For example the author writes that census-takers in Burma were "menaced by tigers." The Burmese census in 1953 was taken in approximately 250 towns and cities in which no tigers roamed. He asserts that "*each* (italics added) of the countries is densely populated in relation to its arable land and the resources," thereby ignoring the fact that mainland Southeast Asia has as far back as prewar days demonstrated its ability to export some seven million tons of rice per year under relatively inefficient, one-crop agricultural methods. There are other inaccuracies of this type, which are annoying and were unnecessary to the author's interest in planned parenthood and India.

The uninformed but sympathetic reader can take away from this slender volume an awareness of at least one problem: the relation of population growth to food supply and employment. This merits attention but not fear. The Free World, as a whole, is currently in a food-glut period. The U.S. alone has appropriated almost five billion dollars to sop up the surpluses of our curtailed agricultural capacity.

Mr. Robbins has seen fit to capture this problem in his "camera," though the latter is not fully in focus.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FIRST NAME—DITTO

Presented on the left are the surnames of fifteen feminine literary characters all of whom have the same given name. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to supply the missing given name and then match with the scrambled titles of novels and plays in which these ladies appear. Answers on page 41.

1. Arena	( )	"Casuals of the Sea" (William McFee)
2. Beaufort	( )	"Crome Yellow" (Aldous Huxley)
3. Blake	( )	"David Harum" (E. N. Westcott)
4. Bracegirdle	( )	"Horseshoe Robinson" (John P. Kennedy)
5. Brill	( )	"The Human Comedy" (William Saroyan)
6. Crawford	( )	"Kate Fennigate" (Booth Tarkington)
7. Daniels	( )	"Mansfield Park" (Jane Austen)
8. French	( )	"Once in a Lifetime" (Kaufman and Hart)
9. Gooderich	( )	"A Play for Mary" (William McCleery)
10. Gregory	( )	"The Sign of the Four" (A. Conan Doyle)
11. Haines	( )	"Thaddeus of Warsaw" (Jane Porter)
12. Morstan	( )	"Tom Cringle's Log" (Michael Scott)
13. Lanning	( )	"U.S.A." (John Dos Passos)
14. Musgrove	( )	"Wickford Point" (John P. Marquand)
15. Palma	( )	"The Women" (Clare Boothe)

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Life Was All Just Cartier and Kings

"The Light of Common Day," by Lady Diana Cooper *(Houghton Mifflin. 274 pp. $5), reveals the glamorous Briton in a more melancholy mood than she exhibited in the first volume of her memoirs, "The Rainbow Comes and Goes." Nevertheless, Anne Fremantle, who knows her milieu at firsthand, finds the erstwhile actress delightful.*

By Anne Fremantle

FOR LADY DIANA COOPER, the rainbow that came and went in the first volume of her autobiography merged into daylight with her marriage to a commoner in 1919. But the day was pretty dazzling: it included acting both the Virgin and the Nun in Reinhardt's "The Miracle," not only in New York and London, but over the whole of America and also at Salzburg; staying at Fort Belvedere with "David" Windsor and Wallis Simpson; cruising with them among the isles of Greece on the *Nahlin;* sitting with two kings at dinner (Lady Diana thought the second king—that of Greece—pretty moth-eaten); living at Admiralty House while her husband was First Lord; attending the Coronation ("Our place we found to be behind the Viscounts, not all I hoped but good enough"), and staying at Windsor with King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, who kept Duff up drinking tea until 12:30. Indeed, as her pet farmer, Conrad Russell, wrote to her in one of his many letters, "*In reason* you have less cause for despondency than anyone in the world. No one is so beloved as you, no one with more grounds for being pleased with themselves than you."

YET throughout this glamorous life Lady Diana pours out gloom and despondency like octopus ink, in what she herself admits is "an unpardonable jeremiad, a daily Gummidge whine," "What am I losing," she mopes, in the midst of "The Miracle's" triumphant tour, "to gain this miserable triumph and these few dollars?" and refuses to rejoice even when she gets another $150 a week. Waning youth she sighs, "is not enlivening." Yet she admits of compensations. Dining with the fleet, there are forty officers to sit down with "unhampered by any other woman," and at Geneva, shortly before the Munich crisis, she does not care "that I cut no figure at all *for there are no other women*" (italics hers). She must have been irresistible: evidently her Conrad was right when he told her she might be happier if she "had occupation and spent less time wallowing . . . I don't think you'll ever have men friends who don't make love to you, and if you did I don't think you'd like them."

Her naïve forthrightness is disarming: she "fumbles the acceptance" of an ermine cape in a taxi; prints Conrad's admission of hesitation in buying her a $50,000 tiara at Cartier: he was deterred not by the price but, he said, because "I thought I might look a bit sheepish if I arrived with it in my hand at Gower St. and there was another man calling on you already." She modestly recalls the failure of her only diplomatic mission. Churchill and Lord Tyrrell deputed her, to inform "those in dictatorial power" in Rome, where she was due two days later, how strongly England was against Italy's proposed aggression in Ethiopia. "This journey can be called the real Failure of Mission—just as well send a tramp." (At this moment the Italian Ambassador to London, Signor Grandi, was, she also notes, being asked to her Bognor cottage, but on alternate Sundays to Conrad Russell.)

WHAT a glorious chronicle of a golden girl this is! She unaffectedly despises democracy. Referring to the only election her husband ever lost, she says, "The Labour Buggins had to be given his chance." During the General Strike her melancholia made her hear "the tumbrils rolling and heads sneezing into baskets" but "by evening triumph was assured, thanks to our splendid Mr. Baldwin." When her husband most pluckily resigned over Munich, she frankly admits she regretted "the loss of Duff's position, the beautiful house and the yacht that went with it"; when the Ladies Diana Cooper and Juliet Duff lunched in Madrid on their way to Marrakesh "the Civil War had that day begun but was not noticeable."

She writes brilliantly, describing unforgettably such characters as Colonel Beck and telling delightful stories. As she looks through the yacht's porthole she sees "mad milk boiling and no sky." And the Parthenon was "better still tonight, all hills violet as we have been told they are for the last two or three thousand years." The inspiration of the temple, she adds, "gives you . . . that strange restless sensation one had so often as a child that something must be done about it. Mere looking does not seem enough."

Mere reading does not seem enough, either: one longs to see, fleshed and therefore credible, so beautiful and blessed a being, in the light of her still uncommon day.

Diana Cooper in "The Nun."

—*From the book.*

Lady Diana (r.) dons makeup.

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Closeup of a Living Controversy

"Pastor Niemoller," by Dietmar Schmidt; *translated by Lawrence Wilson (Doubleday. 224 pp. $4), and* ***"God's Man: The Story of Pastor Niemoller," by Clarissa Start Davidson*** *(Washburn. 232 pp. $3.95), show how a churchman who defied Hitler appears to two journalists—the first a German, the second a feature writer on* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. *Roscoe Thornton Foust is director of the Department of Religious, Social, and Special Services of the Seamen's Church Institute.*

By Roscoe Thornton Foust

IT IS not an easy thing to write a definitive biography about a controversial figure who is still living, but Dietmar Schmidt, a German journalist has done his best. He presents Pastor Niemoller as a fearless, forthright, even cantankerous prophet and evangelist who makes enemies of friends, and friends of enemies in proclaiming the Christian gospel in contemporary terms that compel him to defy a Hitler and embrace Russian Christians, even though both are to his own hindrance. He sets his face adamantly against a rearmed Germany, and sees any possible future war as inescapably un-Christian, one in which no Christian may participate. But he emerges from this biography as a lovable, human person, frail as all men are frail, but strong in spirit as few men ever are. It is good to have some solid information about this man now, for there is much misinformation about him spread far and wide. The definitive biography will have to wait, but let all who are interested in effective, contemporary Christian witness in a largely un-Christian world read this book to their great inspiration and profit.

To read "God's Man" is almost like rereading Mr. Schmidt's book, for here we find repeated almost the same material, in the same order and with the same emphasis. We meet here also a man of controversy and contradiction, who none the less emerges as a pastor and family man who is loved by those who know him best and respected by those who fear his integrity and forthrightness.

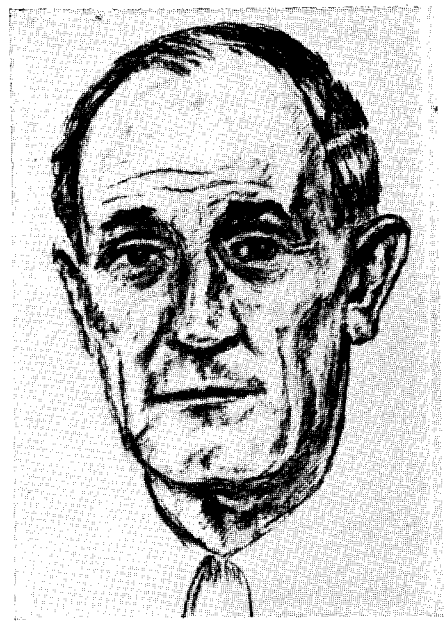
But Miss Davidson's book is the same with a difference. It is more than a story of a life by a competent American journalist: It can tell that story more intimately and with greater accuracy because it is written by a close friend who has obviously shared more completely the confidences of her subject and his family and friends. There is more revealing conversation, intimate highlights, and more extensive quotations from the addresses and writings of "God's Man" himself.

FOR example, we read that Albert Schweitzer wrote to Niemoller and asked if, by any chance, he had been on a German submarine that almost sank a French ship in the fall of 1917, when Niemoller had been in command of a U-boat off the coast of Dakar. Schweitzer had been on that ship. Niemoller wrote that it had to be his U-boat, since it was the only one around at the time. Schweitzer replied, "So, you were really after my life! Thank God you didn't get me or you would have robbed yourself of one of your staunchest comrades in your fight for peace."

Especially effective in the Davidson story is the extensive witness of the Reverend Ewart Edmund Turner, clergyman at the American Church in Berlin from 1930-34, who attended the early meetings during which Niemoller's resistance to Hitler and his objectives was taking shape. He makes it clear that the effectiveness of Niemoller's opposition depended on the very fact that he was first a nationalist, a super patriot, a war hero. Had he been a Socialist or sympathetic to the Social Democratic party, as was Paul Tillich, his hostility would not have been so dramatic or important.

Turner reminds us that "another important thing about Martin Niemoller is that his resistance came early. Many people saw through Hitler five years later. Niemoller's service was that, in spite of the mistakes he made before January, 1933, in analyzing Hitler, when he saw the direction in which the movement was going, he said so loudly and clearly."

The abiding affection, love, and understanding of his family through the darkest days of imprisonment in the concentration camps is appealingly illustrated by the question of one of his youngest sons, when a pastor visiting in his home was enumerating some of the infamous criminals who had been imprisoned: "Mother, are there bad people in prison too?"



Pastor Niemoller — Resistance came early.

Schmidt states that "he managed to survive press interviews" after his release from the horrors of the concentration camp, but Clarissa Davidson makes it clear that his plain-speaking at this time—"You are mistaken if you think any honest German will feel personally responsible for Dachau, Belsen, or Buchenwald"—was almost his undoing. There are other differences, that could make these parallel volumes a happy hunting ground for "which book did you read" enthusiasts. Schmidt tells about the young American soldier who helped to free Niemoller from his captors, and who, on discovering who he was, "seized his hand and shook it vigorously." Davidson tells the same incident and reports the soldier as saying, "Boys, come here and meet a hero. Let me kiss you." "And," Martin Niemoller chuckled as he told the story later, "he kissed me."

AGAIN, Schmidt has it that at a quarter to six on the morning of 24 June, 1945, Frau Niemoller was awakened by the sound of a voice calling her under the window. But Davidson says, "At 5:30 in the morning of June 24, Else Niemoller heard a voice under the window in the house on the hill." These biographies are not more than fifteen minutes apart all the way, but the Davidson chronicle seems to this reader to get there first with the most.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

The name is Mary. Column Two should read: 9, 4, 3, 14, 1, 13, 6, 7, 10, 12, 2, 15, 8, 5, 11.

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Eldest Remembers

"Affectionately F.D.R.: A Son's Story of a Lonely Man," by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shallett *(Harcourt, Brace. 394 pp. $5.75), adds bright new facets to the literature on the late President. Dore Schary, playwright, producer, and director, is the author of the F.D.R. biographical play, "Sunrise at Campobello." He is also the author and director of "The Highest Tree," due on Broadway November 4.*

By Dore Schary

IT IS difficult to tell where Jimmy Roosevelt leaves off and where Sidney Shallett begins, but no matter, because their new book, "Affectionately F.D.R.," moves the heart as it recreates in intimate terms the relationship of Franklin D. Roosevelt to his children.

According to James Roosevelt, his father was a lonely man. His position of great power, plus his infirmity, plus the packhorse load of work he had to carry for so long, prevented him from being as close to his sons as he would have wished; and in his last and most lonely moment not one of his beloved family was there to bid him farewell. The sacrifices that a man must make to high office are dramatized by this oldest son, who worked so long with his father; and all through the memoir one is aware of the tensions and trouble that beset this famous family—but aware, too, of the family pride and loyalty.

However, laced also through Mr. Roosevelt's book are the spirit and fun of a hardy, active, and loving family.

To future researchers it will be of value because it has the sound of truth; sometimes the ring, sometimes a harsh clang. It deals candidly with the lives of the Roosevelt children, all of whom provided choice headlines. The author admits his own shortcomings in the past and makes no defense for some of the behavior of his brothers, but he defends himself capably against lies and distortions that were leveled against him and his family. Each of the four boys went through the war years in uniform and none of them in cushy spots: James as a Marine, Franklin, Jr., and John in the Navy, and Elliott in the Air Corps.

The book offers a cornucopia of anecdotes about F.D.R., his mother, his children, and his remarkable wife, Eleanor Roosevelt. Through the pages of the volume walk names long familiar to all of us who lived through the days of the New Deal: William Woodin, Henry Morgenthau, Robert Sherwood, Harry Hopkins, and a host of others.

There is a detailed account of Roosevelt's visit with President Hoover on March 3, 1933, the day before F.D.R.'s first inauguration. In this report Hoover comes off rather badly. On the other hand, another of President Roosevelt's opponents, Wendell Willkie, is treated with great respect and fondness. James Roosevelt seems convinced that, had he lived, Willkie would have joined F.D.R.'s Cabinet.

There is also a juicy account of a reckless decision by Elliott and James to horsewhip the family's most acid and constant critic, Westbrook Pegler. Fortunately, F.D.R. talked them out of such violent rebuttal, though he seems to have approved of the basic idea. F.D.R.'s reply to another of his tormentors, H. L. Mencken, is a choice view of the four-times President at his sardonic best.

"Affectionately F.D.R." is good reading and, indeed, required reading for those interested in the life and times of a great President. It is not a brilliant or scholarly book, but it makes no such claims. Instead, it is honest and forthright and while it delights us with its candid humor, it also stirs us with poignant reflections.

James Roosevelt adored his father and his respect shines on each page. A title just as appropriate would have been "Affectionately, James."

—*From the book.*

James Roosevelt (rear) with grandmother Mrs. Delano, F.D.R., and sister Anna.

Exile and Extinction

"The Prophet Unarmed. Trotsky: 1921-1929," by Isaac Deutscher *(Oxford, 490 pp. $9.50), the second volume of a trilogy, covers the Soviet architect's fall from Stalinist grace and the first years of his exile. David J. Dallin has written books on the USSR, including "The Changing World of Soviet Russia."*

By David J. Dallin

ONE WOULD look in vain for the name of Leon Trotsky among those of Stalin's victims who were rehabilitated under Khrushchev in the last few years. Operation Rehabilitation seems to have been completed; yet most of the best-known leaders of the November revolution and of the first Soviet era remain condemned to anonymity, and Soviet publications, including textbooks and handbooks, pass over in silence the names of the chief architects of the first Soviet state. At the most, "Trotskyism" is mentioned simply as a hostile trend.

This fact alone would make Isaac Deutscher's trilogy on Trotsky, of which the first two volumes have appeared, an important contribution to Soviet history; this second volume covers Trotsky's biography from 1921 to 1929. Soviet archives dealing with the pertinent developments remain closed, but Mr. Deutscher was in a position to draw from the rich Trotsky archives in the libraries of Harvard University, as well as from interviews with a number of Trotsky's friends and collaborators, including his widow, Natalia. The author's previous studies on the Soviet Union have obviously served him as a scholarly foundation; but more important is the fact that the author himself had belonged to the Polish Communist Party until he was expelled, apparently as a Trotskyite, in 1932.

Having attained high stature in world affairs during the revolution of 1917, Trotsky stayed at the summit as one of the architects of the Soviet state for only five years; his star began to set in 1922 and the subsequent eighteen years of his life were full of disappointment, bitterness, and political and personal tragedy. Antagonism toward Trotsky cemented the alliance of the "triumvirate," among whom was Stalin. The "triumvirate" removed Trotsky and his friends from the War Ministry, from the Politburo, and finally from the Central Committee. Trotsky tried to engineer a counter-alliance against Stalin, but was easily defeated. In Janu-

(*Continued on page* 51)

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CREATIVITY

In the Wake of His Life Flowed His Art

In 1923 in The Dial, *T. S. Eliot wrote of James Joyce's "Ulysses": "I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted and from which none of us can escape." Now, Joyce scholar Richard Ellmann has written "James Joyce" (Oxford University Press. 842 pp. $12.50), a comprehensive study of the writer's life and his works. One of the great Joyce authorities is Stuart Gilbert, who knew Joyce in his Paris years. He is the author of the significant explication "James Joyce's Ulysses" and the editor of the Joyce letters.*

By STUART GILBERT

IF THERE ARE such things as Red Letter years, 1959 will rank as one for all good Joyceans. It has brought them two outstanding books, the tale of "Shakespeare and Company" by Miss Sylvia Beach, first publisher of "Ulysses," and Professor Ellmann's "James Joyce," a biography that we are justified on every count in regarding as definitive. This is not to disparage in any way the volume published by Herbert Gorman in 1939, subtitled "a definitive biography." But Gorman was greatly handicapped by the fact that the subject of his book was alive and exercised what amounted almost to a censorship of its contents. Thus his description of the writer was at best what Henry James would have called a "partial portrait," and its leitmotiv—that Joyce's career was one long battle with a hostile world—was overstressed. For Joyce clung to the romantic notion of the persecuted artist, and refused to recognize the fact that, as I once told him at Salzburg, where we were spending a summer vacation together, he had had on the whole an enviable career and was in fact a lucky man, "with money, fame, a family," and a host of devoted admirers. In the entertaining "Memoirs of a Booklegger" by the late Jack Kahane (Michael Joseph, 1939), there is a passage describing how when in 1930 he published a de luxe edition of a fragment of "Finnegans Wake," it looked at first as if he was going to be landed in heavy financial loss; then at the eleventh hour half the edition was taken over by an enterprising New York publisher, with the result that he made "a handsome profit" on it and "began to believe that Joyce was a *scriptor fas.*"

Much the same thing happened with "Ulysses"; when prospects of its publication were at their blackest, Miss Sylvia Beach gallantly stepped into the breach and published the book on very generous terms. And later, when the losses from piracy were becoming serious, Justice Woolsey's epoch-making decision that "Ulysses" could be admitted into the United States, and its publication by Random House (1934) brought the book's long Odyssey to a triumphant close.

This is well brought out by Mr. Ellmann in his bulky biographical volume—a masterpiece of scholarly objectivity and exact research, in which the facts are marshaled and set forth with fine lucidity, and the imposing mass of detail never clogs the analysis. Of particular interest is the account of Joyce's early years, the theme of the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It has long been known that the "Portrait" is not strictly speaking autobiographical, but a stylized, foreshortened version of the facts. Many of the lacunae were filled up by Joyce's younger brother Stanislaus in that singular book "My Brother's Keeper" (The Viking Press, 1958). But this memoir had only been brought up to Joyce's twenty-second year when, in 1955, its author died. Fortunately, Mr. Ellmann has been able to consult Stanislaus's diary and the many letters from Joyce to his brother in the period before the First World War. Stanislaus tended to be "punctilious and overbearing" (as Mr. Ellmann points out) and was thoroughly shocked by his brother's occasional drinking bouts and general extravagance. The estrangement between the brothers which followed Joyce's move to Paris was not merely due, I think, to Stanislaus's "persistent criticism of Joyce's later work," but also to the fact that, with his rise to fame, Joyce displayed an increased self-assurance and no longer needed the assistance of his "whetstone" (as he once described his brother).

Much has been said about his "arrogance," yet those who knew him in his Paris years were constantly struck by his sensitivity, kindness, and generosity. While more than ever he regarded the "artist" as a privileged person with a claim on others' help and loyalty, he was always ready to render services to his friends, with an endearing delicacy and tact. Resentful of bad manners in others, he behaved with studied courtesy, though in his dealings with importunate visitors he often indulged in prolonged silences which had an embarrassing effect. When several people were present he preferred listening to conversations to joining in them. The exception was the mellow after-dinner hour when, in the company of two or three friends at Les Trianons or Fouquet's (he had no use for the "Bohemian" restaurants of Montparnasse), he discoursed freely of his tastes and projects, often reciting passages from his favorite nineteenth-century authors, Cardinal Newman (Joyce had none of his brother's bigoted anti-

—*From "James Joyce."*

(l. to r.) Ford Madox Ford, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and John Quinn, November, 1923.

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THE DOOR IS AJAR:

Joyce is the porcupine of authors. His heroes are grudged heroes—the impossible young man, the passive adult, the whisky-drinking greybeard. It is hard to like them, harder to admire them. Joyce prefers it so. Unequivocal sympathy would be romancing. He denudes man of what we are accustomed to respect, then summons us to sympathize. For Joyce, as for Socrates, understanding is a struggle, best when humiliating. We can move closer to him by climbing over the obstacles of our pretensions, but as we do so he tasks our prowess again by his difficult language. He requires that we adapt ourselves in form as well as in content to his new point of view. His heroes are not easy liking, his books are not easy reading. He does not wish to conquer us, but have us conquer him. There are, in other words, no invitations, but the door is ajar.

—From "James Joyce," by Richard Ellmann.

clericalism), or that melodious fragment from Edgar Quinet, echoes of which are found in the "Wake." Joyce's "arrogance" was (it often seemed to me) a defensive reaction; partly because of his romantic notion of the artist as an Ibsenian "enemy of the people," and partly to an awareness that the audacities of "Ulysses" and the obscurities of "Work in Progress" were bound to antagonize many of his contemporaries.

The accounts one reads of Joyce's potations seem overdone, anyhow as regards the years when I saw much of him — from 1927 onward. When he came to dine *chez nous* I always placed a couple of bottles of Swiss "Fendant," his favorite wine, beside him, and these saw him through the evening. If the cliché *in vino veritas* is to be trusted, the true Joyce who emerged as the night wore on was a man of charming manners and no little dignity, combined with a nimble wit. Whatever the Rabelaisianism of his writing, there was no trace of it in his speech. Indeed he was something of a stickler for decorum and he would certainly have been horrified by the thought that one day his intimate letters to his wife were to be exposed to the public gaze. That any should have survived seems surprising in view of the remark, quoted by Mr. Ellmann, which Nora Joyce made to Mrs. Eugene Jolas in the spring of 1939, "I've just spent the most awful day tearing up Jim's letters to me. . . . There weren't many anyhow—we've never been separated."

As an example of Mr. Ellmann's understanding treatment of his material, the "Marthe Fleischmann" episode, doubtless new to many Joyceans, may be mentioned. When attending Nora Joyce's funeral at Zurich, I made the acquaintance of Professor Heinrich Straumann of Zurich University, who, knowing I was then collecting Joyce's letters with a view to publication, kindly permitted me to see some new material which he had recently discovered. These were four letters (in French and German) from Joyce to a young woman who was evidently one of the prototypes of Gerty McDowall in the "Nausicaa" episode of "Ulysses"—even to the limp. They struck me as *tours de force* in a "high romantic" style differing from, but comparable with, the "jammy, marmelady, drawersy (alto là!) style" of the scene of Gerty's girlish exhibitionism. Mr. George Joyce and his son Stephen (who regarded them as "very bad" letters and questioned their authenticity) decided they must be excluded from the volume published by me two years ago. My conviction that the "Fleischmann letters" were in the main stylistic exercises is strengthened by their marked difference in tone from the touching letters from Joyce to his wife. In any case, I quite agree with Professor Ellmann's view that this was an "uncommitted relationship" or as Fräulein Fleischmann said, "*eine Platonische Liebe*," not taken very seriously by either party. It came to "a comic stop" when the young woman's "official" lover intervened and Joyce beat a dignified retreat in the manner of his hero, the ever-prudent Ulysses.

Mr. T. S. Eliot observes in his preface to "My Brother's Keeper" that curiosity about the private life of a public man may be useful, harmless, or impertinent: "It is useful when the subject is a man of letters, if the study [of his private life] throws light upon his published works." This is very aptly said, and it may be added that the justification of such curiosity depends largely on the nature of the works in question. It's unlikely that our enjoyment of "The Odyssey" would be enhanced by knowledge of the private life of its author or (as Samuel Butler would have us think) its authoress. But the case of Joyce is exceptional. He was fond of saying he had no imagination and we can see what he meant when we compare, say, the stories in "Dubliner" with those of Conrad or Kipling (which he much admired). "To my thinking," Paul Valéry says in "Littérature," "A fine book is one which gives me a nobler, profounder idea of *language*—in the same way as the sight of a beautiful body ennobles our idea of life." Joyce was above all a great creator in the sphere of language. He took the raw material of his art almost entirely from personal experiences, from his very wide reading, and from close observation of the little world of Dublin in which he spent his formative years. Thus, if we are to understand the background of his art—and this understanding is needful for its just appreciation—we cannot know too much about his life. In this full-length biography all the essential facts are set forth with exemplary frankness and precision. Aside from being an indispensable sourcebook for students and exegetists of his work, it is a narrative of intense human interest, a colorful tale of three cities—Dublin, Trieste, and Paris—the fascinating life story of one of the greatest creative writers of modern times.

—From "James Joyce."

James Joyce (l.) with his family in Paris, 1924—"A lucky man."

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To Them, a Colossus of the South

"Contemporary Canada," by Miriam Chapin *(Oxford. 391 pp. $7), sketches the complex character of our neighbor to the north. L. L. L. Golden was for many years an editorial writer on the* Toronto Globe and Mail *and now writes frequently on U. S.-Canadian relations.*

By L. L. L. Golden

IN THE last week of August the U.S. Assistant Secretary of Commerce for International Affairs spoke to the Board of Trade in Toronto. Mr. Henry Kearns's speech was widely reported in Canadian newspapers and, as usual, received little notice in the American press. It was an answer to an attack by the highly regarded Canadian publication, the *Financial Post*, on the heavy American investment in Canada and its potential influence on Canadian sovereignty.

That an important American official found it necessary to go from Washington to Toronto to make such a defense is a clear indication of the unrest in Canada at what many consider the undue American influence in Canadian affairs.

It is an odd situation since most countries of the world are more than happy to have, and indeed court, private American investment. Why is the picture so different in Canada?

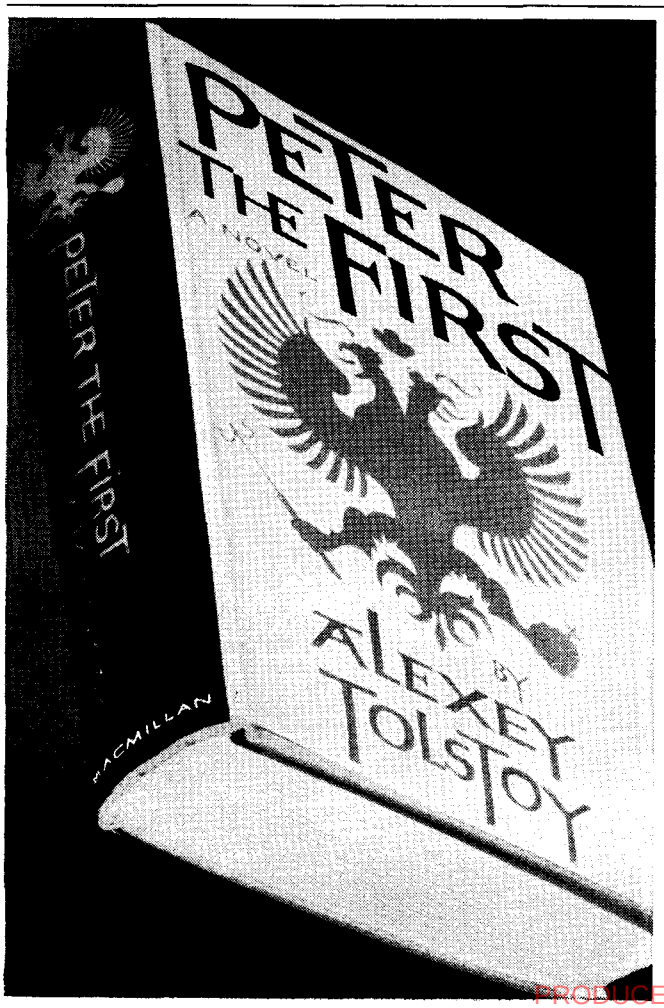
Mrs. Chapin's book gives a partial, though by no means complete explanation of the basic unrest in Canada about American influence not only in business but in every aspect of Canadian life.

Canada's touchiness about American influence far antedates the economic boom in the Dominion since the Second World War. That boom developed under the Liberal regimes of Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent and continues under the Conservative administration of John Diefenbaker. It is in a large measure due to the American dollars that have flowed into dozens of Canadian fields, from oil to steel to newsprint to electrical appliances. American money is mainly in the basic industries but is influential as well in virtually all economic fields.

As the lives of nations go, a half century is a short period. Almost fifty years ago, in 1911, the Conservatives won a resounding victory at the polls, the issue being reciprocity of trade with the U.S.—their slogan was "No Truck or Trade with the Yankees."

Basic to the historic Canadian feeling is the fact that any small, sparsely-settled country with a huge and wealthy neighbor is bound to have its back up, and to be watchful. This is even more true about Canada and the United States, for Canada's entire population is roughly the same as that of the State of New York alone.

In addition, Canada is still made up of two basic population elements: those



"It was as if claws were tearing at his heart. Should he perhaps proclaim some terrible ukase? Hang a lot of people, flog them? But whom, whom? The enemy was invisible, the enemy was everywhere; the enemy was himself."

PETER ruled Russia long before Khrushchev, but had the same dream of leading his country to world dominance. He was a Tsar who could watch a man being flogged to death . . . while planning to bring Western civilization to his barbaric Empire. Scholars, whores, executioners, kings, merchants and priests filled the days of his life. But it was his own proud, flawed character that proved the fateful obstacle to his dreams. This is a scrupulously accurate work which Gorky called "the first real historical novel of the Soviet age." Over two million copies have been sold. It is a 768-page novel of the first magnitude, in the great tradition of Leo Tolstoy and Boris Pasternak. . . .

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of French origin, largely in Quebec, and those of Anglo-Saxon-Celtic extraction. It should also be remembered that a powerful influence since the American Revolution has been the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, who chose to live under British rule rather than remain in the U.S. after the successful revolt of the thirteen British colonies.

"Contemporary Canada" makes an attempt to explain what goes on today amongst the neighbors for whom Americans have the warmest affection. It sets the background, then in a sort of guidebook fashion details many of the institutions in Canada.

Mrs. Chapin, an American journalist living in Canada, tries to cover the entire life of this complex nation in one book. She has undertaken too much, for no single volume can possible do what she attempts; cover foreign policy, government, politics, the arts, ethnic origins, geography, finance, Dominion-Provincial relations, law, science, medicine, the press, radio, and television.

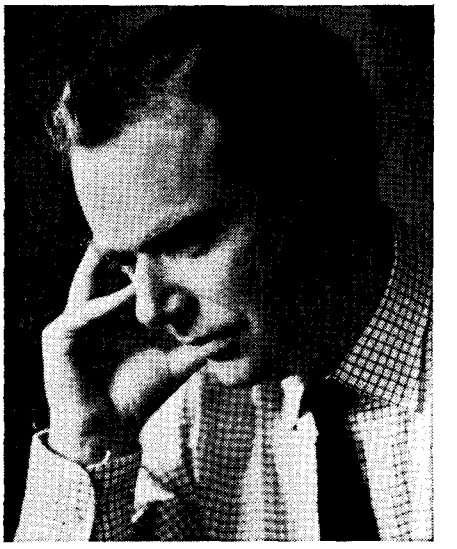
Some of Mrs. Chapin's comments or judgments are highly exaggerated, as when she writes, "Within the next few years Canadians will know whether or not they can maintain political independence of the United States, now that economic and cultural integration are both so nearly complete."

Others, less extreme, should be taken with caution.

Americans, busy as they are, have found little time to learn about their good neighbor to the north. This book, read judiciously, will help to inform them. As such it is a contribution to American-Canadian relations.

New France's Nemesis

"Wolfe at Quebec," by Christopher Hibbert *(World. 194 pp. $4.50), untangles the personality of a Canadian hero. After acting as ambassador and deputy minister in the public service of Canada, H. L. Keenleyside has for the last decade been a senior official of the U. N. in charge of the technical assistance programs. He has written extensively on Canadian-American subjects.*



Christopher Hibbert—"Brief but realistic pictures of warfare."

By H. L. Keenleyside

IN QUICK, sharp pages Christopher Hibbert has described again the story of the siege and surrender of Quebec. Of the main lines of the story (which is only mildly exciting) and of the details of the battle that sealed the French defeat in America he has little new to say. A few excerpts from hitherto unpublished papers bring no significant change to what has already been known of the campaign and its climax.

In retrospect it is obvious that, given their respective colonial policies in the eighteenth century, the British and not the French would become—temporarily—the ruling power in North America. That it happened when it did was due to the concurrent appearance in power of a relatively active administration in London (Pitt) and an utterly corrupt and squalidly incompetent set of officials in Paris and in New France. The able and decent Montcalm had more trouble with his own compatriots than he did with the British.

What Mr. Hibbert has done in his new book has been to give a new insight into the personality of his principal character, Major General James Wolfe.

All successful military leaders should be killed at the conclusion of their most successful battle. If Nelson had lived for ten years after Trafalgar, it is probable that his pedestal in the heart of London would have been only half as high. If Wolfe had long survived the brief, victorious episode on the Plains of Abraham, his indecision and general incompetence as a strategist would probably have cost him his deification. Dying as he did, his name became indelibly and exclusively associated with the British victory in the New World.

Mr. Hibbert has sketched a convincing picture of the introspective, egotistic, fanatically industrious, and pathologically ambitious invalid who is the "hero" of his story. Wolfe had few endearing qualities. That he was intelligent and utterly fearless in battle there is ample evidence. He trained his troops with meticulous and persistent attention to every detail. He studied and worked with an assiduity that made him the complete antithesis of the characteristic British officer of his day: the red-faced, eupeptic, indolent, whoring, and usually drunken son of a family that could afford to buy a commission

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for those of its male offspring who were too stupid for the law or the navy, too ignorant for politics, too debauched for even the eighteenth-century Church.

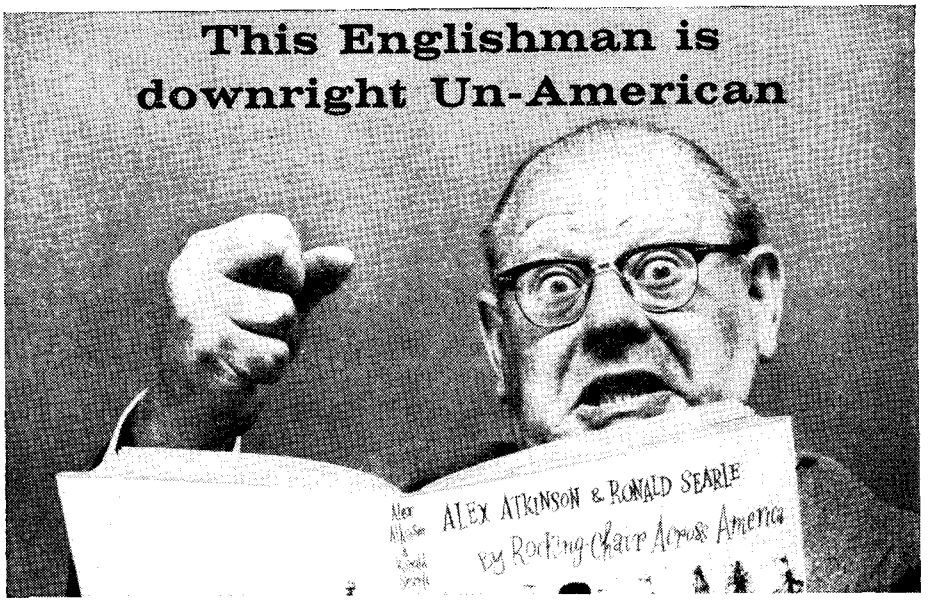
The author believes that there is evidence that Wolfe, neurotic and melancholy, mother-ridden and utterly without humor, was driven to his almost frenzied determination to win fame and honor by a sublimated homosexuality. Certainly he was indifferent, cold, and entirely selfish in his relations with the few women in his life.

With regard to his conduct of the attack on Quebec it need only be said that he was mistaken in most of his tactical plans, and that his brigadiers were angered and repeatedly frustrated by his indecision and vacillation—until the actual assault on the cliffs above Quebec. Even this succeeded chiefly by good luck and because his troops made the mistake of attacking at a point that was not the one he had chosen. With the battle itself he found the one element in which he was fiercely and intensely at home. Although shockingly ill and overwrought, he behaved with the utmost valor, inspiring his men by his complete disregard of his own safety. Wolfe's death on the field was the most graceful episode in a short, chaotic, and, on the whole, rather unpleasant life.

FOR the rest, Mr. Hibbert's story gives a brief but undoubtedly realistic picture of warfare—without glamor, but with plenty of scurvy, dysentery, brutality, dishonesty (in high and low places), and deadly, continuous, unrelieved discomfort; of white men and Indians engaged in competitive scalping; of muddled commanders and vicious jealousy, of women stripped to the waist and whipped through the streets of Quebec for selling rum to the drunken soldiery.

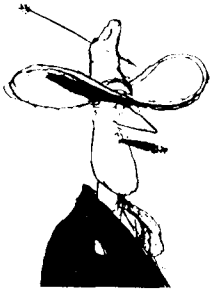
The record of the bickering, conniving, and wire-pulling of the senior officers, at home and while in the field, reads like a forecast of the competition among some of the British generals and field marshals in the First World War—a war which so far as they were concerned was fought in significant measure in the clubs and boudoirs of London. (Let anyone who doubts this read again the diaries and biographies of Maurice, Rapington, Lloyd George, Robertson, Beaverbrook, Haig, and that prize intriguer and self-seeker Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson.)

A more pleasant note in conclusion: three of the more worthy men who appear in Mr. Hibbert's pages—Laval, Amherst, and Carleton—are commemorated today by colleges or universities in the region in which they worked and fought.



A guide to the United States—by a man who has never been there

It can be truthfully said that no one of Alex Atkinson's age has spent more time not visiting the United States. Following his failure to arrive here before or during World War II, he has devoted the entire post-war period to avoiding these shores. The admission of Hawaii to the Union this summer has raised to fifty the number of our States he has not visited, and ties a world record held by such other illustrious English writers as G. Chaucer, W. Shakespeare and a Mrs. Hubblewaith who writes the cooking column for the second largest weekly in Chelmsford.



Scorning the "look before you write" compulsion of de Tocqueville, Mr. Atkinson has gone for his background facts to such sources as: hill-billy recordings for his impression of Kentucky, TV western films for his unerring portraits of Colorado, Wyoming and West Virginia, an unproofread copy of *The Hollywood Reporter* for his remarkable analysis of socio-cultural patterns in the Pacific States, and any number (two, three, you name it) of novels about Madison Avenue for his study of the New Yorker (both the magazine and the hotel).

By Rocking Chair Across America appeared serially in PUNCH, an English publication presumably devoted to the prize ring, where it caused unmannerly readers to roll about on the floor. It is illustrated by some forty-five quite remarkable drawings by Ronald Searle ("Surely one of the finest—if not indeed the very best—of all-round cartoonists and illustrators in our day."—WALT KELLY) who, although *he* has been to America, has managed to overcome that handicap and to illustrate it as if he had never stirred anywhere except Upper Tooting or anything except too many martinis.

"By Rocking Chair Across America is a perfect example of the favorite sport of the British—making fun of America. But it also makes fun of the British—and it is all warm and good-natured and in the best hands-across-the-sea tradition." – RUSSEL CROUSE

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Disturbing Are These "New Images of Man"

By KATHARINE KUH, *newly appointed art critic for* SR. *The former curator of painting and sculpture for The Art Institute of Chicago, Mrs. Kuh is the author of "Art Has Many Faces" and "Léger." She succeeds James Thrall Soby, who resigned in order to devote more of his time to writing books.*

◀ Giacometti's "Tall Figure"

IN THE Museum of Modern Art an exhibition called "New Images of Man" makes one pause in consternation. Are these 104 works by twenty-three American and European artists an accurate account of mankind today? Are we indeed all vicious, defeated, decayed, eroded, destroyed, anguished, tortured, and abnormal, as the preponderance of these paintings and sculpture would imply? And as the director of the exhibition, Peter Selz, also indicates in his persuasive catalogue? Bolstered by perceptive comments from many of the participating artists, he liberally sprinkles his text with words like agony, horror, degradation, and death. The title of the exhibition is perhaps at fault, for, though there is no evidence that the museum considers these the sole "new images of man," still the phrase is dangerously inclusive, providing a convenient handle for a heavily weighted choice.

It is possible that new images are here confused with a *return* to the image, for today the pendulum is swinging from total abstraction to more figurative experiments. Regardless of subject, whether artists are dealing with animal, human, still life, or landscape forms, the same indignant eye guides their hand. Dubuffet's eroded table-landscapes reeking with excrescences are no less vigorous accounts of modern man than his gesticulating human creatures. And Francis Bacon's lurking dogs reveal mortal frustrations as eloquently as do his baffling frozen faces. This is not to say that the horror-filled figures at the Museum are without strong meaning, but that a more authentic estimate of present-day man might emerge from a broader choice. For it is rarely man's own likeness alone that reveals his many-faceted image.

Top-heavy with German Expressionist influences and techniques borrowed from Action Painting, many of these works seem to explore the present less than reflect the past, unless merely increased intensity and a rejuggling of familiar symbols lead to new insights. And it is the word "new" that troubles me. Take, for example, the Dutch painter Appel, who merges familiar effigies from Klee and Nolde with slashes of pigment inherited from Abstract Expressionism, or Jan Müller, whose color, symbolism, and form directly descend from German Expressionism. Despite their arresting vigor, these artists as yet have not produced a language appreciably different from their predecessors'. More brutal, yes—and more emotionally immediate—but not necessarily involved with visual revelations. Though they tell us much about ourselves, little of this is new.

A few artists in the group, it is true, go beyond exaggeration of the past to invent valid images of modern man. Often the more refined their methods, the more devastating the message. I refer in particular to Giacometti's isolated figures moored to the earth with weighted feet. I refer to the guilt-ridden, anonymous faces of Francis Bacon and the welcome though macabre humor of the young Chicago artist, H. C. Westermann. If his constructions recall at once Dadaism and the boxes of Joseph Cornell, he still has provided us with a disquieting new vision of ourselves. His craftsman-like objects, neither sculpture nor painting, are best described as shelters for the uneasy soul. In his "Memorial to the Idea of Man if He Was an Idea," we see an interior lining of multitudinous bottlecaps, suggesting that man indeed has been taken over by mass production and banality. Signing his initials with the same bottlecaps, Westermann may want us to believe that this is a self-portrait. One of the few artists in the exhibition (Dubuffet is another) who sees man's predicament with boisterous amusement, Westermann pierces his wood and metal constructions with small doors and peepholes affording ironic clues to nostalgic interiors.

Throughout the exhibition one senses primitive prototypes and magic fetishes. These works are often less images of man than evocations of emotional situations where lack of identity (many of the figures are faceless or featureless) and lack of privacy do not preclude an overwhelming aloneness.

From the evidence here we might gather that human suffering is more acute in our time than heretofore. Periods of war, sadism, and bestiality have often existed, but today there is a significant difference; not only is destruction on a far greater scale but a far larger audience is daily informed of its terrors. Efficient methods of mass communication spare no one and thus account for wider-spread, deeper-seated anxieties than the world has ever known but, even so, the present exhibition seems to recognize this condition with exaggerated single-mindedness.

Disturbing images of man are not exclusive symbols of our century. Grunewald, Dürer, Bosch, Goya, and Callot were equally preoccupied with suffering and degradation. These men differed from present-day painters and sculptors in one respect: they were less concerned with the complete merging of method and content. This unique contribution of the twentieth century is particularly well demonstrated in the current exhibition, where artists depend on appropriately pitted surfaces, discarded materials, and gashed pigment to describe decay and destruction. Rico LeBrun carries this identification so far that he used for his enig-

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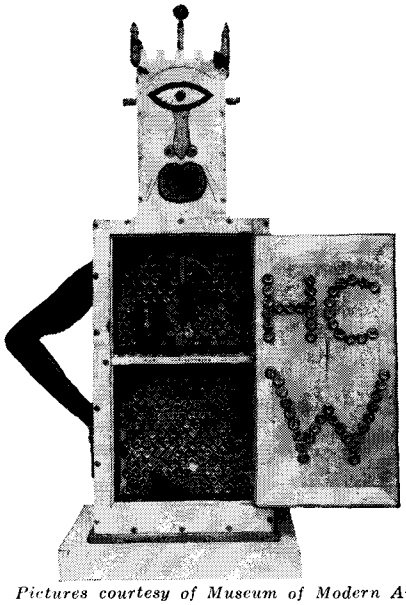
matic painting "Doble Disparate" a deliberately injured board, broken, scratched, and dented. This very union of meaning and means may well prove to be the new realism of our time.

There are those who will be shocked by the brutality of the exhibition, but for me it remains curiously romantic and moral: romantic in its zeal for personal expression, moral in its concentration on the evils of our time. Anger here is so strong as to become an ethical judgment.

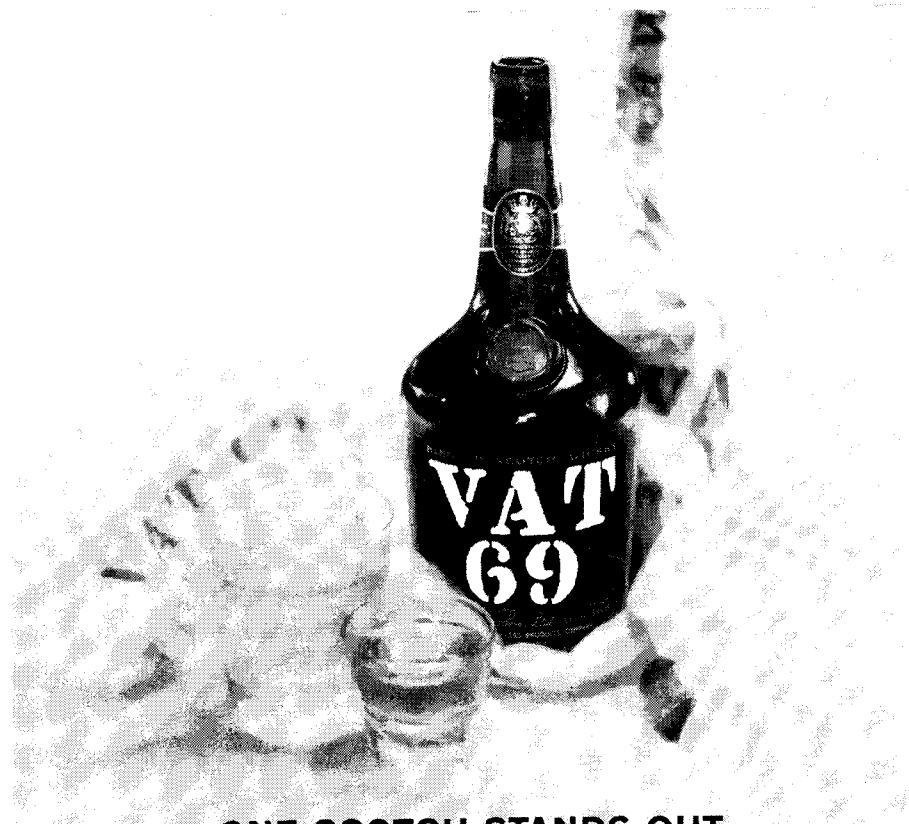
Were I allowed to isolate four or five unforgettable images I would choose Roszak's omnivorous "Iron Throat," "The Great Dead Man," by Leonard Baskin (an obsessive symbol of passivity), Campoli's ferocious "Birth" (an equally obsessive symbol of fertility), and Francis Bacon's improvisation on Van Gogh. His study for a portrait of the Dutch artist is powerful enough to be worthy of its model.



Pictures courtesy of Museum of Modern Art.

H. C. Westermann's "Memorial to the Idea of Man if He Was an Idea" —"Shelters for the uneasy soul."

Francis Bacon's "Study After Velasquez' Portrait of Pope Innocent X"— "Baffling, guilt-ridden, anonymous faces"



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Music

Continued from page 23

the small or medium-sized choral group is now more prominent in the musical picture than the large choir. It is more flexible, is often professional, and is better adapted to broadcasting or recording, where volume is a minor consideration. A conductor endowed with the special gifts required by his métier can achieve excellent results, sometimes even with unpromising vocal material. Choral groups of twenty-five and more spring up in all parts of Canada, confining themselves usually to a cappella singing or to works requiring only a light accompaniment. Excellent little choirs are often found in surprisingly small centers.

Professional choruses, such as the fine Bach Choir of Montreal or the Festival Singers of Toronto, must depend largely on revenue from broadcasting, and it is always possible to recruit a good professional choir for special occasions. The small nonprofessional choir, however, owes its greatly improved quality to better vocal instruction in the schools, to the stimulus of the competitive festival (a powerful factor in Canada's musical life and one that might well rate a separate article), and, of course, to the generally improved quality of leadership. One might add that church choirs throughout the country, though usually voluntary and facing problems similar to those of any voluntary choir, often attain high excellence through the inspiration of a gifted choirmaster.

Opera and ballet, though not enjoying public support at all comparable with that offered in European countries, have of late won increasing favor. The Canadian Opera Company (Toronto)—*an outgrowth of the Royal Conservatory* Opera Company—has produced a wide variety of standard and less-known works, and such radio and television productions of the CBC as originate in Toronto include in their casts many of the same singers and are usually produced by the same director, Herman Geiger-Torel. In recent years grants from the Canada Council have enabled this company—or at least a part of it—to tour extensively in various centers as far afield as the Maritime Provinces. Productions have, however, suffered from inadequate stage facilities; hence the forthcoming opening of the new O'Keefe Auditorium will be greeted with enthusiasm by all concerned.

Although ballet as such lies outside the scope of this article, it is intimately bound up with music. The work of the National Ballet of Canada under Celia Franca has aroused the utmost enthusiasm not only in Canada but in the United States and Mexico. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, under Gweneth Lloyd, has suffered some serious setbacks—notably a disastrous fire in which its scenery and costumes were destroyed—but is again well on its feet; it receives support from the Canada Council for tours in the West. It is noteworthy that the music for several Canadian ballets was commissioned by ballet companies, among them, John Weinzweig's "The Red Ear of Corn" (commissioned by the Volkoff Ballet) and Robert Fleming's "Shadow on the Prairie" (Royal Winnipeg Ballet); more recently Harry Somers has been commissioned to write two works for the National Ballet.

Music education is in itself a vast subject which, unfortunately, can here be touched on only briefly. The British North America Act (Canada's Constitution) gives to the provinces control of education; it is therefore difficult to generalize regarding music in the schools. Responsibility for conservatories and colleges, many of which started as private institutions, has been assumed by several universities, notably the University of Toronto, which owns and controls the Royal Conservatory—the largest and most influential in the country. McGill Conservatorium in Montreal, L'Ecole de Musique of l'Université Laval in Quebec, and Mount Allison Conservatory are similarly under university control. We must note also extensive musical developments in the University of British Columbia and the sponsorship by the University of Alberta of the Banff School of Fine Arts.

Canada has inherited, chiefly from Great Britain, the examination system firmly rooted in that country. The Royal Conservatory of Toronto not only examines thousands of students under its roof, but sends traveling examiners throughout the country annually; entries

—From "Creative Canada"

"Dark of the Moon" performed by the National Ballet Company

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in 1959 exceeded 41,000. Other examining institutions of note are McGill Conservatorium and, in the Prairie Provinces, the Western Board of Music. Much criticism—some of it justified—has been leveled against the examination system, but at the very least it does much to check poor teaching.

A sketch such as this can present only a few facets of an exceedingly complex picture, and much of significance has perforce been omitted. Nevertheless, the writer has tried to show that Canadians are musically active. Within the past year a Canadian Music Centre has been established, through grants by the Canada Council and the Composers, Authors, and Publishers Association of Canada, for the purpose of forming a library of Canadian works and disseminating information about them. It is hoped that this Centre, located in Toronto and directed by Jean Marie Beaudet, will perform a useful and much needed service. We hope we are on our way toward making musical contributions of increasing significance and value to the world.

Criminal Record

BLOOD AND JUDGMENT. *By Michael Gilbert. Harper.* $2.95. Sergeant Petrella, C.I.D., irks London superiors but brings home double killer. Usual fine job, with nice writing, humor. Praise Allah, a detective story!

THE KILLER IS MINE. *By Talmage Powell. Pocket Books.* 25¢. Ed Rivers, Tampa peeper, toils to free man convicted of child murder; corpses accumulate in process; earless giant present, also hostile cops. Grim.

THE HOUSE OF SHADE. *By M. M. Kaye. Coward-McCann.* $3.50. Flip English miss flies to Zanzibar and runs into odd types, lost treasure, murder; overdone American is sort of hero. Bizarrerie abounds.

ELLERY QUEEN'S 1960 ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications.* $1. Twenty-three stories (three on longish side), all previously serialized (1924-53), make up this fine bedside-fireside-roadside companion, which is to date year's topside bargain. Authors (no two alike) include Christie, Gardner, Sayers, Rinehart, Kantor, Ellin, Van Druten, Maugham.

'TIL DEATH. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Slaughter mars wedding of Detective Steve Carella's sister; black-widow spider no help either. Good pace despite excess of dialogue.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Trotsky

Continued from page 42

ary, 1928, he was deported to Alma-Ata in Central Asia and finally, in 1929, he was exiled to Turkey, never to return to the Soviet Union. His fate was shared by scores of "oppositionists," who were likewise removed by Stalin from political activity and exiled but who, with the exception of Trotsky, soon capitulated, "confessed," and were reinstated in the Communist Party.

Mr. Deutscher's work is a serious, detailed, and well-documented one. It cannot be viewed, however, as entirely objective. The author holds a protective hand over his protagonist, and treats him gently and indulgently. Many components of Stalin's cruel economic offensive had earlier been part of Trotsky's program; Trotsky's odious role in the first "Moscow Trial" (1922), when the Socialist-Revolutionaries were in the dock, is mentioned by Deutscher only in passing; Trotsky's pro-German attitude during the Rapallo era is softened. Of course, Deutscher does not blindly approve everything Trotsky said or did; in certain instances he is critical. But his general evaluation is more favorable than Trotsky deserves.

The author's thesis that Trotsky has proved to be a "prophet" is at least an exaggeration. It was Trotsky, we remember, who predicted the "inevitable" war between England and America (Stalin took over this "scientific" prophecy from him). It was Trotsky who predicted a revolution in Britain "at the most in five years." It was Trotsky who initiated the absurd abortive uprising in Germany in 1923, as Deutscher states. Even Trotsky's accurate prediction of America's ascendance in world affairs (though personally violently anti-American) was taken by him from the German Marxist Karl Kautsky.

It was infamy on Stalin's part to exile his adversary to the uncivilized parts of Asiatic Russia. Compared, however, to Stalin's subsequent acts of persecution of his hated antagonist and to Stalin's terrorism in general, it is odd to note that an apartment of four rooms was made available to Trotsky's family and that Trotsky's favorite dog was sent to him from Moscow upon his request; he was even permitted to go hunting. His library, too, was shipped to him on his demand.

It is both ironic and tragic to recall Trotsky's triumphant exclamation addressed to his defeated Socialist opponents at the Soviet Congress of November, 1917, when his party seized power: "Go where you belong from now on—into the rubbish-can of history." He could not have foreseen that a decade later his own turn would come.

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A SATELLITE TO THE U. S.?

By HENRY B. PARKS

THE VARIOUS aspects of Canadian creative life which are discussed in the preceding pages are cultural, broadly conceived. It is clear that Canada's creative life is active, but how constructive, how lively, how interesting that activity is remains a matter of opinion on which *Saturday Review's* readers, as well as the contributors to this issue, may differ. How peculiarly Canadian that activity is also is a moot question. That leads to the question of what is Canadian.

Canadian economic life, as is well known, depends importantly on the United States. This is beginning to bother Canadians. It is a phenomenon that has bred a marked sensitivity, a rather unbecoming parochialism among businessmen and political figures on both sides of the border, injecting an unhealthy tension into what should be a normal commercial communion. Canadian business interests in the United States seem to prefer to appear to be American rather than to take pride in their role as exemplars of Canadian enterprise, and Americans seem even more avidly to seek a protective Canadian elaboration north of the border. All parties apparently regard such coloration as necessary protection against economic chauvinism, both here and there.

By selling her produce mainly in the United States, by putting up with absentee ownership of much of her industry, many Canadians in fact fear Canada will run the risk of becoming a satellite nation.

Is this also true of the arts? A sense of Canadian consciousness in this realm is paralleling her sensitiveness in the economic sphere. But just what is that sense of Canadian identity, and how does it differ from American?

In two such vast countries cultural sectionalism is bound to appear, perhaps to flourish. To counter this, without doing away with its special values, is the aim in Canada of such agencies as the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which also has to use two languages. Yet Canadian cultural life is less affected by tradition than by propinquity. One would think that in the case of a quiet, conservative population, both French and English, their literature and their art would be affected by what is going on in France and England. It is not so. What foreign influences there are come from the southern neighbor.

Some of these influences are being nobly resisted. Comic supplements, vulgar broadcasting, novels verging on the erotic are not censored; they just don't appear, thanks to public opinion, though it is probably true that an officially controlled agency like the CBC runs ahead of public opinion.

The Canadians themselves do not agree about American influences. Says Leslie Roberts in "Canada, the Golden Hinge":

> The most thickly settled area, southern Ontario, indubitably has much more in common with upstate New York in manners and customs than with, say, the adjacent province of Quebec. The *Torontonian*, on surface, is practically a carbon copy of the resident of Buffalo (except that he is more polite). Not only are their mores almost identical, but so is the mode of speech. Neither has ever learned to enunciate clearly.

But George W. Brown, in "Canada in the Making," says:

> One cannot cross the boundary anywhere between Halifax and Vancouver without a consciousness that one has stepped into another environment of ideas, problems, and practices. These differences and distinctions stem back into the beginnings of Canadian history.

Perhaps the middle ground is best represented by the challenging though rather pessimistic essay by Frank H. Underhill (page 14).

Canadian cultural development has been subject to a good many difficulties that Americans have escaped. The geographical handicaps and the climate are such that, to paraphrase Mark Twain, little can be done about them; and they have resulted until lately in the concentration of resources and facilities in the large cities. Then there are, of course, more subtle forces of separation: language and modes of thought. It is to be doubted that Canada is really richer for her two cultures. They don't mix enough; they are too highly concentrated. There is still, academically and culturally, far too little bilingual intercourse. Too few French novels are translated into English, and those good books not available in English are not easy to identify and buy. The Royal Society of Canada is officially bilingual, but the two languages are used only in the scientific sections, where there is less danger of controversy.

The geographical factor applies externally as well as internally. In other words, it is easy and convenient for English-speaking Canadians, the great majority living not far from the border, to blend their cultural lives with those of neighbors of common language and tradition. That they do not do so more generally is the best index not only of the existence but of the individuality of a national entity.

This geographical factor is worth a further examination. In all of Canada there are only ten newspapers with a circulation of more than 100,000: two in Montreal, one French; two in Quebec, both French; three in Toronto; two in Vancouver; one in Winnipeg. Periodicals are equally scarce; so are publishing houses, practically all of which are in Toronto. A number of American publishers have outlets in Canada, whether extensions of their own firms or other connections; hardly any Canadian publishers have American offices.

There are enough universities for the possible students, and the English Canadians seem to agree with the French that only a certain number are educable beyond a certain point. The result is that a large number of Canadians who cannot meet their matriculation requirements enroll in nearby American universities; and some of them stay in the United States. As Canadian periodicals are scarce (though excellent), Canadians habitually turn to American magazines, some of which print special Canadian editions.

All this so bothered Canadians a few years ago that a commission was appointed, named The Massey Commission, for short, after its chairman, Vincent Massey, who has just retired as Governor-General. The Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences—to give its full and correct title—examined the state of Canadian cultural life toward the end of the Forties and came to concrete conclusions about what might be done to improve it. No other people in the Western world have ever contemplated such a self-searching. It reveals the probing aliveness of the Canadian spirit, not the frettings of a people who are pessimistic about the future.

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CANADA

SOUNDS OF THE POETIC VOICE

By JOHN CIARDI

CANADA has bodies of poetry in both French and English and neither has much to do with the other except to divide the possible audience of a population which is only one-tenth that of the United States to begin with. Since the writings of French-Canadian poets will not be accessible to most *SR* readers, and since I must doubt my own competence to discuss it, even were I to conquer my ignorance of it, I shall only note in passing that there are many reports of a great flowering of French-Canadian poetry, and confine myself to those Canadian poets who write in English.

They certainly are enjoying a flowering of their own despite the fact that they are obliged to think of themselves as the forerunners, rather than as the train of a developed poetic tradition. Perhaps, in fact, their best excitement springs from that very awareness.

Their fellow citizens as a whole obviously care no more about poetry than do yours and mine. No matter; the poets have themselves as their own audience. Five good poets will always be a better audience than 5,000 schoolteachers. Yet it is not suprising if the poets lash out at their progress-bedeviled countrymen. "This is the case of a high-school land/deadset in adolescence," writes Earle Birney of Vancouver. The poem is not one of his best, but it does locate an anger one may find with some regularity in Canadian poetry. And who can doubt that it is a lover's anger, a making anger? Canadian poetry has not yet achieved either a developed tradition or a major figure, but no one who reads can fail to believe that both are in the making.

Inevitably, there are those whose well-founded conviction of the thing in progress, persuades them to jump the gun and to make their claims larger than the facts will support. "Canadian poetry," writes Ralph Gustafson in his introduction to **"The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse"** (Penguin Paperbacks, 85¢), "has had self-respect and integrity from the first." It seems a strange claim. Mr. Gustafson goes on to explain that he means Canadian poetry is "no feeble and pale reflection" of the British. He concludes: "The present anthology offers a hundred years of Canadian poetry. It is a poetry of distinction."

Mr. Gustafson, himself a good poet, has put together an anthology that contains some true poets, but there simply are no hundred years of Canadian poetry. There is Canadian poetry of great accomplishment, but every line of it has been written by poets still alive, most of them now in their middle years. Canadians will do themselves no service if, in their hunger to find poetic roots, they over-value past Canadian poets simply because they are past and Canadian.

E. J. Pratt, now seventy-six, is reverenced in Canada as a major figure, occupying there about the position of our Robert Frost, but I am forced to see that as an error from which Canadian poetry will have to recover. Pratt has written everything from some rather pleasing light verse to a series of endlessly pedestrian semi-heroic narrative poems, all of which testify more than sufficiently to his devotion both to Canada and to the act of writing. It can even be said that his vision is a poetic one.

PRATT'S mistake has been in thinking that poetry resides in its subject matter rather than in its poetic performance of itself—which is to say in its message rather than in the way it transcends its message. That mistake is so characteristic of past Canadian poetry that it may serve to define the past from the present. Up to, roughly, the Twenties, Canadian poetry was still in the age of that mistake. Since then it has entered the age that survived that mistake.

In surviving that mistake, Canadian poetry also found its voice. The opening stanza of Charles G. D. Roberts's "Canada" will do to illustrate what I mean by resting poetry entirely on its subject matter. It will also illustrate the kind of "O Thou!" rhetoric that inevitably takes over in such poetry:

> O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
> Who stands among the nations now
> Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
> With unanointed brow—

Then let the reader turn to a poem by Birney titled "Bushed," which begins:

> He invented a rainbow but lightning struck it
> shattered it into the lake-lap of a mountain
> so big his mind slowed when he looked at it

I confess to being a bit troubled by the first light, but let that pass. The poem goes on to evoke a single man's inner reaction to his life in the Canadian wilderness. The point is, that what emerges from it is more sense of Canada and of its *lived-in-and-felt* physical magnificence, than you may find in a library of "O-Thou!" rhetoric.

There is, moreover, a *voice* in Birney's poetry, a poetic voice. Nor need one argue that the voice is or is not major. What matters is that the voice-box of the spoken language has undergone a metric marriage to poetic form.

I, for one, do not begin to hear that voice in Mr. Gustafson's anthology until I have reached the second half. Nor can the failures of the earlier poets be dismissed, as Mr. Gustafson tries to dismiss them, by saying that they were nineteenth-century poets writing in the nineteenth-century. Bad nineteenth-century is still bad poetry. In them one may hear the sounds of literary echoes, but never the spoken language, of any period, brought to metric and form.

I BEGIN to hear that true voice in the poems of F. R. Scott, and perhaps a bit more surely in those of Robert Finch. It is there in the best work of A. J. M. Smith, of Earle Birney, of Wilfred Watson, of Louis Dudek, and of James Reaney. I hear it, too, in A. M. Klein's poetry, though he spoils it for me by his easily-sloppy way with adjectives. I have heard it, too, in certain of the poems of R. G. Everson, a Montreal poet not included in Mr. Gustafson's anthology.

The voice I hear is the voice of a poetic maturity. Or call it, if you will, no more than the voice of competence. There is a further voice in poetry, one that is not only matured but personal. I hear that further voice—if not yet what might be called "the accent of majority," still an assured voice impressed by personality—in the poems of Irving Layton.

If one cares for poetry, that voice is all the answer he need listen for. These good Canadian poets are not assertively Canadian. They are, rather, human beings who live in Canada and who are very much aware of their country, but who keep themselves in firm touch with the Western tradition of the humanities. and with the world's mind. They tend to form into clusters in the large cities or around the universities. They exchange views, they disagree, they quarrel. But they meet. They are self-exciting. They care, and they are alive to what they care for. Above all, they have managed in roughly two poetic generations, to bring poetry to Canada as a serious art. For all these reasons, they have not only written well, but they have created an environment within which everything is possible for the new poets as they arrive.

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Canada: Case History

By Earle Birney

THIS IS the case of a high-school land,
deadset in adolescence,
loud treble laughs and sudden fists,
bright cheeks, the gangling presence.
This boy is wonderful at sports
and physically quite healthy;
he's taken to church on Sunday still
and keeps his prurience stealthy.
He doesn't like books except about bears,
collects new coins, models his planes,
and never refuses a dare.
His uncle spoils him with candy, of course,
yet shouts him down when he talks at table.
You will note he's got some of his French mother's looks,
though he's not so witty and no more stable.
He's really much more like his father and yet
if you say so he'll pull a great face.
He wants to be different from everyone else
and daydreams of winning the global race.
Parents unmarried and living abroad,
relatives keen to bag the estate,
schizophrenia not excluded,
will he learn to grow up before it's too late?

Fort Tryon Park

By Ralph Gustafson

MOST of us sought the involvement:
There is no use saying
The sun sets in an irony
Of colors,
The poor bare going-down
Over the river
In splendor
Is a grandeur of ironies,
We sought the day's end
And the separation of the
Ship on the river
From this shore—
That once our wish,
Takes us
Bound this day, before God,
For supposed Asia,
As Hudson
To the wastes
And the grandeur
Of the ice in polar lights
Though the crew mutiny
Frozen with devils
And the outside mountainous
Bergs cracked over
In the northwest
Winds,
His son beside him.
He sought that
Who,
Put adrift,
Stretched bitter
His mitten in the frozen waste
For his son's breath,
And rubbed up rime.

A Kite Is a Victim

By Leonard Cohen

A KITE is a victim you are sure of.
You love it because it pulls
gentle enough to call you master,
strong enough to call you fool;
because it lives
like a desperate trained falcon
in the high sweet air,
and you can always haul it down
to tame it in your drawer.

A kite is a fish you have already caught
in a pool where no fish come,
so you play him carefully and long,
and hope he won't give up,
or the wind die down.

A kite is the last poem you've written,
so you give it to the wind,
but you don't let it go
until someone finds you
something else to do.

A kite is a contract of glory
that must be made with the sun,
so you make friends with the field
the river and the wind,
then you pray the whole cold night before,
under the travelling cordless moon,
to make you worthy and lyric and pure.

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Art

Continued from page 24

the style called *automatisme*, was the greatest driving force behind French-Canadian painting. Even now—though he has been away from Canada (in New York and later Paris) for a decade—he still seems the grandest and most eloquent of all Canadian abstract artists. Outside Canada, however, he is less well known than Jean-Paul Riopelle, who left Montreal for Paris in the late 1940s. Riopelle, whose brilliant all-over designs look vaguely like trays of brightly colored jewels, has since established himself on the international scene. Paris art magazines have for years described him as a member of the School of Paris, but in Canada he is still exhibited widely as a Canadian—a typical example, perhaps, of the way in which Canadians cling possessively to their *émigré* artists in any field.

The English-Canadian equivalent of *automatisme* was a group that started in Toronto in 1953. The founders included two fatherly, guiding figures—the late Oscar Cahen, an immigrant from Europe, and J. W. G. MacDonald, a Scottish-born painter and teacher who moved through a Group of Seven-style period to become one of our most distinguished abstractionists. The new organization, called "Painters 11," included Harold Town, who has since achieved wide and deserved recognition within Canada for his paintings, his prints, and his drawings; and William Ronald, who has since moved to New York and won a place for himself as an action painter of considerable distinction. The influence of "Painters 11" soon spread widely, and it helped to create at least a limited degree of acceptance for such younger abstract artists as Michael Snow, Robert Hedrick, and Graham Coughtry. At the moment, abstract art in Toronto flourishes as no art has ever flourished there before. Part of the reason is the explosion set off half a dozen years ago by "Painters 11."

It is only on the West Coast that postwar internationalism has asserted itself gradually. Painters like Jack Shadbolt, Gordon Smith, John Korner, and Takao Tanabe have made their revolution slowly, in the best tradition of Canadian revolutions, political and artistic. Their work still leans heavily on the landscape around them—though sometimes it may be called "interior landscape"—but it emerges looking decidedly like art of the 1950s. The major influences, however, differ from those that we can pick out elsewhere in the country. While Quebec artists still look mainly to Paris, and Ontario artists admire the New York School, the West Coast painters tend to be influenced both by contemporary English painting and recent California art.

Compared with painting, sculpture in Canada has been of minor importance. In the Group of Seven period no sculptors emerged to challenge the Canadian imagination in the same way—indeed, most of the sculptors of that period echoed nineteenth-century pomposity without achieving the expansive, confident spirit of the Victorian period. In the same way, Canada now has few sculptors to put beside its recent painters. Montreal has produced the abstract sculptors Louis Archambault and Anne Kahane, and in Toronto the metal sculpture so prevalent in international art is now eloquently represented by Gerald Gladstone.

It has to be said that all of these artists, whatever their particular points of view, have made their way despite the intellectual and artistic climate in which they live. It is a truism that the history of Canada is built on compromise. But, while a national mood of compromise has been essential to our politics, it has tended to cripple artistic expression. At the same time, the Canadian public (or so it seems in Canada) has been especially indifferent to art. We have had very few affluent art patrons, and our museums have lived on a starvation diet for as long as anyone can remember. (Lord Beaverbrook's recent donation of a new art gallery to the city of Fredericton, New Brunswick, is probably the most notable recent exception to both of these rules.)

In 1955 a former sculptor and writer named Alan Jarvis was appointed director of the National Gallery at Ottawa. Since then that institution has played a marvelously vigorous role in the artistic life of the country, not only as a storehouse for art treasures but also as a promoter of the most talented contemporary artists. But Mr. Jarvis, who was appointed by the Liberal government, failed to reconcile his differences with the Conservative government that came to power in the spring of 1957. His resignation a few weeks ago was a major blow to Canadian art; as this is written, no successor has been appointed.

It seems to me, as I study the history of Canadian art, that our painting is now livelier and more diverse than it has ever been, and that it now reaches higher—in purely artistic terms—than at any previous moment. Today Canadian artists cannot offer their fellow countrymen a concrete image of Canada. But they can offer their own individual attempts, made within an international framework, to create lasting and meaningful art.

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Peace

Continued from page 28

cies solely in relation to the interests of their own nations, those policies may clash with those of their friends and allies and there will be division, and eventually economic conflict. That will make it very difficult to unite in the face of a general threat to all of us. It may have been safe in the nineteenth century to think only in terms of our own electorate, but it's not safe any longer.

There is going to be a need for a great deal of tolerance and understanding on the part of legislatures and governments. And that means we must become educated in our own societies to the obligations of the community of nations, of humanity. Democratic governments won't often do what is needed unless their own public opinion makes it possible. So it gets right down to the electorate, to the average voter, to the kind of man he elects to Congress or Parliament, and the kind of demand which that man accepts from those who ask for his support—and the kind of demand he rejects. If we can't make progress in the direction of international understanding and knowledge of other people's difficulties as well as of our own, if we can't search inside our countries for the solutions to international problems which are wider than national solutions, we may not be capable of meeting the problem of the nuclear age.

In relation to individual private companies that are today supplying products of both defense and peace, do you feel that there is an increasing responsibility that the individuals in those companies have—the share owners and the employees?

Yes, I certainly do. I think that any company now has obligations to the community and to the country apart from its obligations to its share holders. And that means that the problems now are not merely problems of production and profit, they are problems of social relationships both inside a corporation and out.

One of those problems, of course, concerns the company's internal workings, its employer-employee relations. It seems to me the same principles apply there and that the problem is one of social and economic adjustment inside the corporation so that all the workmen—and that includes the president—feel that there is justice and fair treatment. If you can get that kind of relationship inside a corporation, you're half-way to the goal of a good relationship between the corporation and the state.

I think most organizations, whether corporation organizations or union organizations, are now beginning to accept their social and political responsibilities. There are some notable exceptions perhaps, but I think we're making progress. One way in which we can show that progress is through the acceptance of political obligations by individuals inside organizations. And one way to do that is to take on any political or public service job which is in your reach or capacity.

What can the individual do to make his thoughts and his actions felt in this extremely complex world of politics, geopolitics, military life?

Of course it all gets down to the individual in our kind of free society. He is the base of the pyramid, and if the free individual is not strong, then the democratic society cannot be strong. We talk a lot about the strength of freedom which totalitarian societies have not got. But if the individual, the free individual, doesn't exert that strength, doesn't use his freedom in the right way, it will soon cease to be a source of strength.

Every individual in a free society has an obligation to that society. It doesn't necessarily mean that he has to go out and try to get into Congress or government, but it does mean that he has to make his own judgments on public questions, and he's got to base those judgments on intelligence, on tolerance, on accurate information. He's got to throw aside prejudice and narrow self-interest, and that's not very easy to do.

When people ask me: "What can I do—I'm worried about the state of the world—what can I do?" I tell them to study public affairs so they can make their own decisions on the basis of knowledge, not on the basis of prejudice or pure partisanship. I tell them to take an interest in their own community affairs—that's where it all starts. Unless we live up to our own values and express those values in public service of some kind, our national freedom isn't going to mean very much at all.

It's just as simple and as fundamental as that. Public opinion polls provide some startling examples these days of the ignorance of and indifference to public affairs of the free man who talks so much about his freedom. The greatest menace to our freedom today is not attack from without but disintegration from within. And that menace starts from within the individual.

—LESTER B. PEARSON.

(This guest editorial is published by special arrangement with The General Electric Defense Quarterly, *in which it will appear later this month.)*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1335

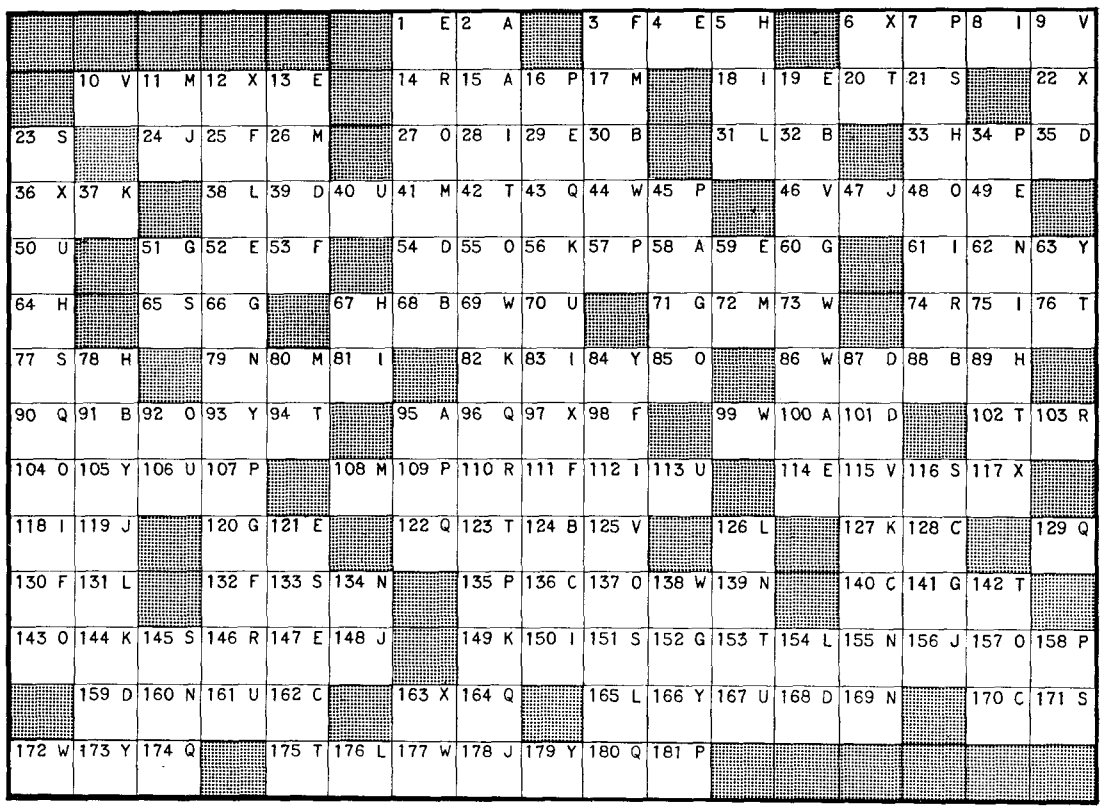
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Having large, flabby cheeks.	95 100 15 58 2
B. To shape.	124 32 91 68 30 88
C. What the British mean by their slang word "digs", our beatnik by his word "pad".	162 140 136 128 170
D. From side to side of.	39 168 159 101 87 35 54
E. Not capable of being separated into fragments by any force.	29 49 1 19 121 4 13 52 114 147 59
F. Trainer of gladiators; fencing master.	3 132 25 111 53 98 130
G. Another familiar name for the spurious "Piltdown Man" (2 wds.).	60 152 51 141 120 71 66
H. More correct word for the dowager's "crepy throat".	78 89 5 67 33 64
I. Following immediately upon (4 wds.).	75 81 118 83 150 8 112 61 28 18
J. Familiar hail in wide use, but not yet in Webster in this form.	148 178 24 47 119 156
K. The chap who wins the booby prize (2 wds.).	37 144 82 149 127 56
L. Of a temperature below 32°F. (comp.).	126 154 165 176 31 38 131
M. The science of the formation of the Earth.	108 26 11 41 80 72 17
N. The simple water molecule H_2O.	155 169 134 139 160 79 62
O. The "lively art" in which the choreographer works (2 wds.).	85 27 104 137 55 143 157 48 92
P. Correct word for the "silk-screen process" of printing.	135 107 45 109 57 181 16 34 7 158
Q. Colloq. for the most frightening or hideous or undesirable.	90 122 164 96 174 180 129 43
R. The cow of both Chaucer and De Gaulle.	110 14 74 103 146
S. Harsh; stormy.	65 133 116 151 23 21 77 145 171
T. Town and island in NW Vermont in Lake Champlain (2 wds.).	153 20 76 102 123 42 142 94 175
U. Lace of heavy material and large pattern.	113 161 50 167 40 106 70
V. Of a yellowish - brown color.	10 115 46 125 9
W. Edged by convex semicircles (heraldry).	172 99 69 138 86 177 44 73
X. Erred in recognizing, identifying, estimating.	22 36 97 6 163 12 117
Y. The goldenseal.	93 105 63 179 84 173 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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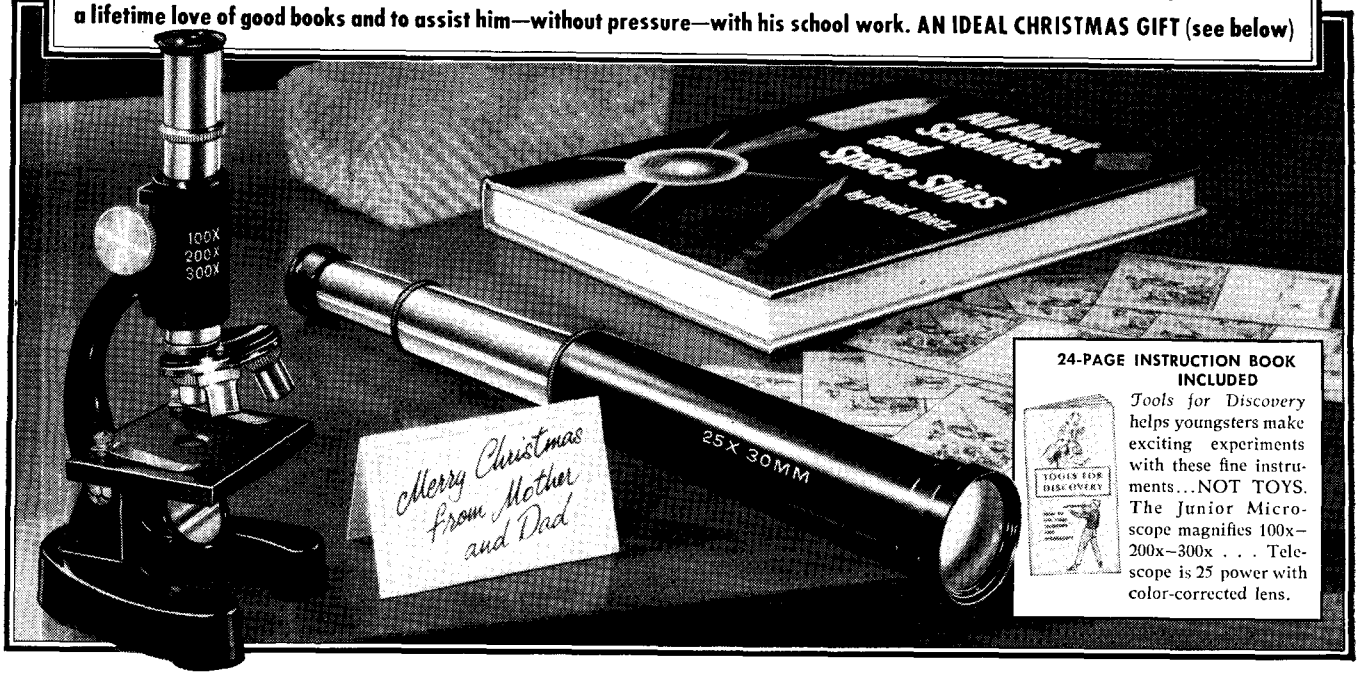

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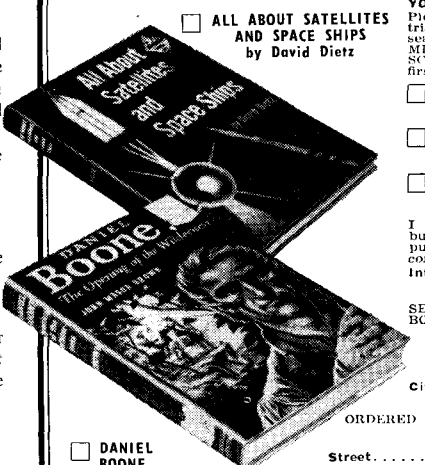

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